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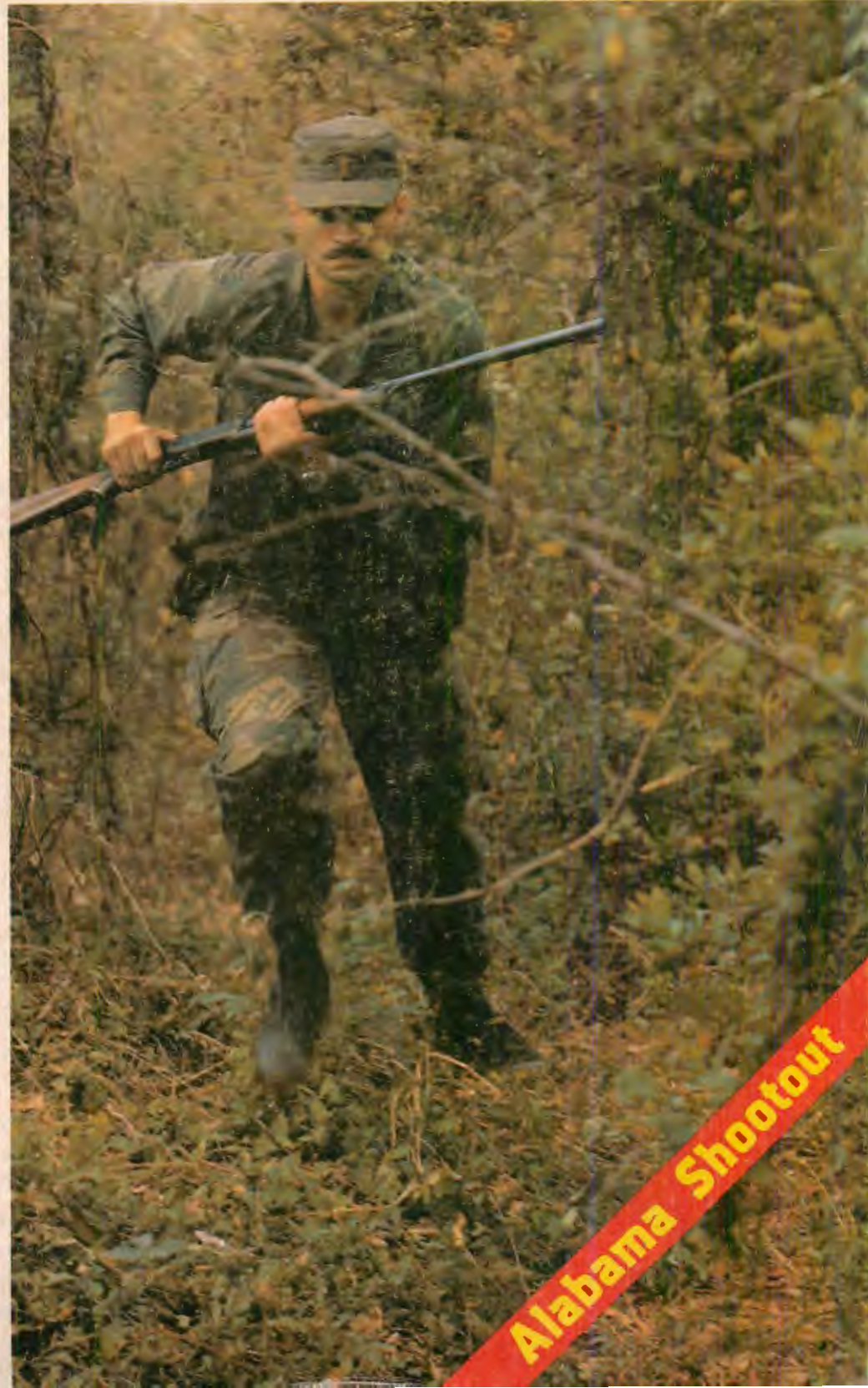
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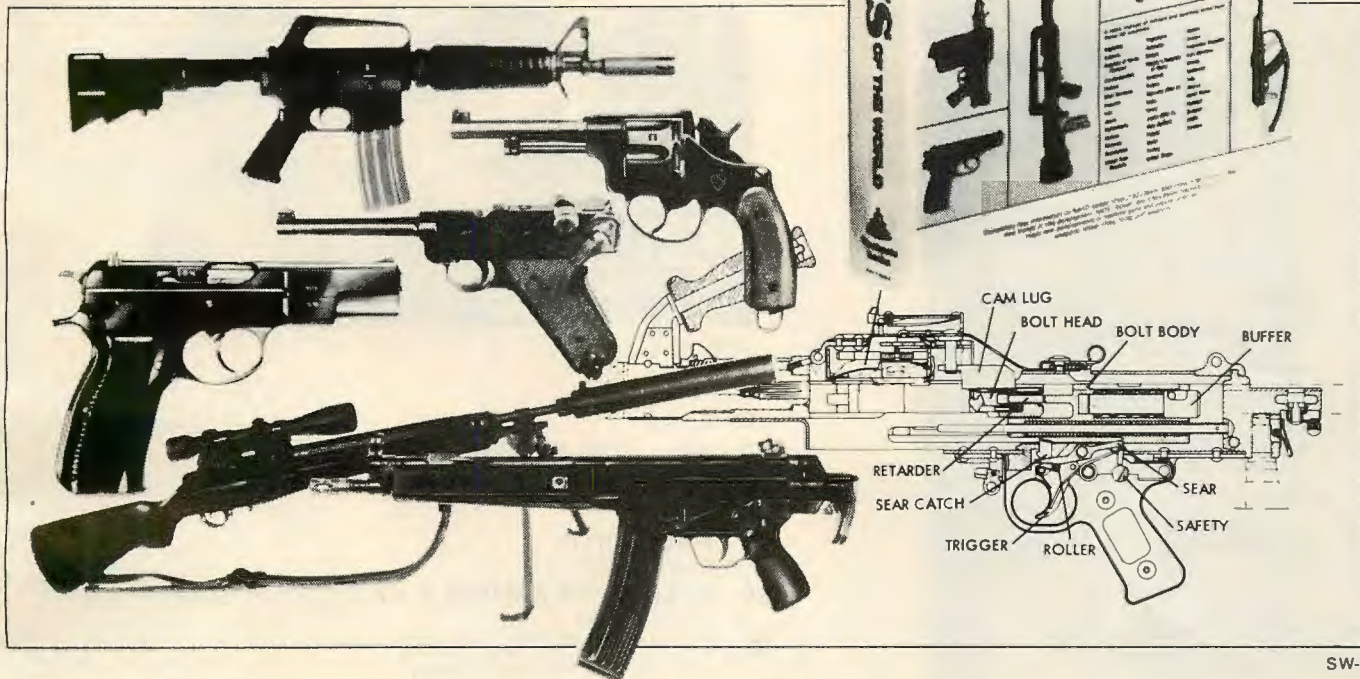
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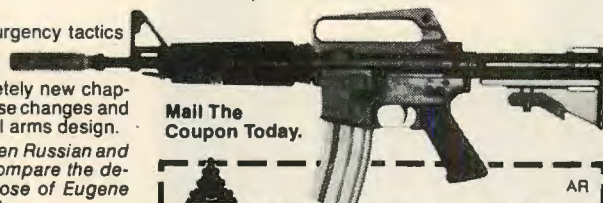
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**SOLDIER OF FORTUNE** (ISSN 0145-6784/USPS 120-510) is published monthly by Omega Group Limited, 5735 Arapahoe Avenue, Boulder, Colorado 80303, (303) 449-3750. Second Class Postage is paid at Boulder, Colorado 80302 and additional mailing offices. \$10.00 for Six-Issue Subscription/\$18.00 for Twelve-Issue Subscription. For Six-Issue Subscription add \$7.00 — Domestic First Class; \$3.00 — Air Canada & Mexico; \$12.00 — Air Europe & Latin America; \$15.00 — Air All Other Continents. For Twelve-Issue Subscription add \$14.00 — Domestic First Class; \$6.00 — Air Canada & Mexico; \$24.00 — Air Europe & Latin America; \$30.00 — Air All Other Continents. Single Issue Price — \$2.00.

**CONTRIBUTORS:** Manuscripts, photographs, drawings are submitted at the contributor's own risk. Material should be mailed to **SOLDIER OF FORTUNE**, P.O. BOX 693, Boulder, Colorado 80306, and cannot be returned unless accompanied by sufficient postage. Any material accepted is subject to such revision as is necessary to meet the editorial requirements of **SOF**. All manuscripts must be typed double-spaced. All photographs should be accompanied by captions. Payment will be made at rates current at time of publication.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS/SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEMS:** Six weeks notice is required on all changes of address. Send old address as well as new to: Gene Bedner, DATA FILES INC., 1200 North Hartford Street, Arlington, VA 22201.

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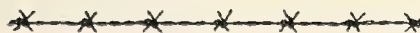
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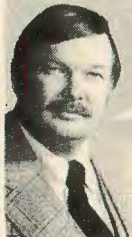


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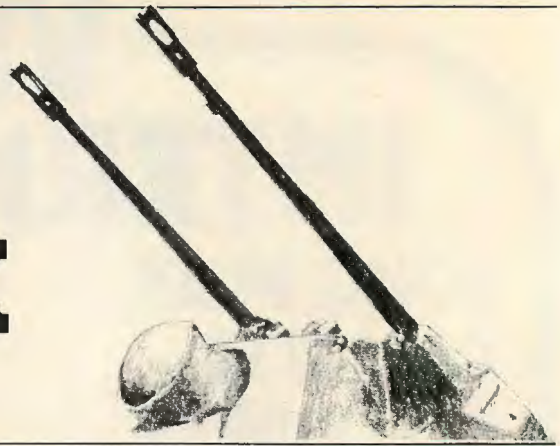
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# FLAK



## AIRBORNE CHEERS ...

Sirs:

On behalf of the officers and men of Company B, 3d Special Forces Battalion, 20th Special Forces Group (Airborne), Florida Army National Guard, I wish to take this opportunity to pass along a loud and thunderous "Airborne" to you and your staffers for the consistently outstanding features which appear in SOF each month. Many of us are long-time subscribers and our copies get pretty dog-eared after being passed around during our monthly training assemblies...

"All the way, sir!"

R.H. Huckabee  
 Tampa, Florida

## SOF ADVERTISERS TOPS ...

Sirs:

As a long-time reader of your magazine, I have, until recently, enjoyed only the fine articles you people print and did not take advantage of the numerous advertisements listed in SOF.

I have always been wary of buying things sight unseen, so I started small and ordered a SF beret. After the supplier informed me as to the unavailability of this item, he surprised me by mailing me my uncashed money order. I was impressed with his honesty.

I tried again. This time, I requested information on, and eventually ordered, a British DPM cammo suit for 37 pounds (about \$75). It arrived, as had the correspondence, in the amount of time it takes for a letter or package to cross the Atlantic by mail—damn quick. The suit was of the correct size and condition D. Embleton of Camberley, Surrey, England, said it would be: "new."

These two incidents inspired me to order more products from such people as Unit Nine, Shadow Publications, Velet Cartridge Co., and a host of others.

Well, to finally come to the point, SOF and its advertisers are the most truthful and creditable bunch of men slapped between a cover. Gentlemen, I give you a slap on the back. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely yours,  
 James A. Wilson  
 Tallahassee, Florida

## BURNHAM BOOK NOTED ...

Sirs:

On page 67, SOF, May '79, I read the story, "First Yank SOF in Rhodesia." I read the story, *Scouting on Two Continents*, several years ago. I believe Burnham is the same hero in *Scouting on Two Continents* and "First Yank SOF in Rhodesia." "First Yank SOF" is a very fine story. I believe *Scouting on Two Continents* was written in first person.

Sincerely,  
 Robert Lane  
 Fort Worth, Texas

## GERMAN TRANSLATED ...

Sirs:

I hate to pick on Jeff Cooper but in his article, "The Gradely Green Gun" (SOF, April '79), he used a foreign language phrase that has defied the efforts of myself and friends to translate. It is *es bleibt trotzdem* and a German acquaintance suggests that it might be archaic German. In any case, I'd be fascinated to find out what it means.

Michael R. Jordan  
 Tulsa, Oklahoma

*Jeff Cooper replies: You don't pick on me when you don't know the answer. The phrase means, "It remains nevertheless."*

## B-17 MARKINGS ...

Sirs:

It was brought to my attention by a former crew member of the 305th BG that the markings on the B-17 in "SOF Jumps with a Ghost Squadron" (March '79) are not of the 305th BG, but, in fact, the 381st BG. I'm sure that this was an unintentional mistake. A little more careful research in the future on these items would be in order. Roger Freeman's book, *The Mighty Eighth*, is an excellent source for such information, not to mention any former crew members that flew these mighty birds.

Respectfully,  
 Lt. Glenn R. Chandler  
 Loring Air Force Base, Maine  
 Thanks for the correction—The Eds.

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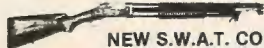
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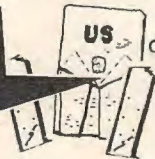
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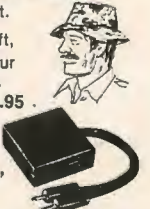
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## RHODESIAN FACTS APPRECIATED ...

Sirs:

I wish to express appreciation on behalf of myself and the people of Rhodesia for the excellent work you're doing, informing the American public of what is really happening in Rhodesia. It seems to me that you are the only publication with the courage to print the real truth about the war in Rhodesia. Having been in the RLI (Rhodesian Light Infantry) for the past 16 months, I am pleased to see someone trying to tell the truth about Rhodesia. I wish that more of the media, TV, magazines and the press, would be as honest with the facts about Rhodesia as you are. Unfortunately, they don't seem to have the courage to do so. I feel that if more people knew the real truth about what is happening in Rhodesia, there would be a hell of a change in our government's policy. I hope our country's leaders will wake up before it is too late. . . .

Carry on with your good work in telling people about the truth in Rhodesia. Someone must do it.

Best wishes,  
Josh McGrath  
Lynn, Massachusetts

## SF and SEAL VOLUNTEERS ...

Sirs:

While reading my June SOF, I came across a letter from Pvt. Chuck Mellette of Florence, SC, who claimed that a person could enlist for Special Forces or Ranger school in the Army, or for SEAL training in the Navy. I beg to differ.

I am surprised that a magazine that is supposed to be "on top" of the situation as you claim to be could print a letter with such a gross error without adding a correction by the editors.

To enter Ranger school one must have successfully completed both his MOS training and Airborne school. It is a completely volunteer set-up, as is Special Forces. One cannot enlist for either school. As a matter of fact, you must know that Special Forces is not just one school, but rather a series of schools designed to weed out those who cannot cut it. I say again that these are all volunteer and require the person to have completed the previous courses to go on.

I checked with the Navy and found out that one cannot enlist for SEAL training either. The same type of program applies.

Obviously the young man was brainwashed by a Marine recruiter and failed to investigate further on his own. I am afraid that it doesn't say much for his initiative or inquisitiveness. On that note alone I wonder whether or not he would qualify for Special Forces.

Very truly yours,  
Sgt. John C. Delavan  
Long Beach, California  
*We stand corrected—The Eds.*

Continued on page 77

"All Glory Is Fleeting"

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# BULLETIN BOARD

## THE UGANDAN CONNECTION ...

Strange things have been happening in England recently, according to Chris Dempster, a London-based adventurer with a number of merc operations under his belt (See SOF interview, SOF, June 1979).

Dempster received a series of vague phone calls a few months back from an Irishman who refused to identify himself or his business. Dismissing him as an IRA terrorist (an outfit he'll have nothing to do with), Chris thought no more of the matter.

Sometime later, the man called again, this time bluntly requesting ammunition of various types, which Dempster said he could not supply.

Then the man spoke of hiring 200 mercs for operations with Ugandan rebels and Tanzanian troops against the government of Idi Amin. He'd wanted Dempster to do the hiring but had been slightly uncertain of him, and had gone ahead and hired on his own. Picking up French, Belgian and German mercs for his ops, along with some Brits who had recently served with the Israelis, he had filled his roster by the time he told Dempster about it.

The Irishman said the mercs were hired at about \$500 per week to serve in an advisory capacity with Ugandan exiles who fought alongside Tanzanian soldiers during the invasion of Uganda in which Amin was overthrown. He further stated that no other positions were open at that time (late April).

Dempster also reported that pictures of the Ugandan fighting have appeared in the British press, with white soldiers (attempting to get out of camera range) included in the scenes.

## BRING BACK THE BERET ...

In March, Senator John Heinz and Representative Charles Rose presented resolutions to their respective houses recommending that the Secretary of the Army restore the maroon beret to airborne forces.

The Department of the Army is vigorously opposing the resolution — Senator Sam Nunn of Georgia recently withdrew his support for the measure after receiving strong pressure from DA.

The maroon beret, and the troopers who wore it proudly, are victims of high-level Army bureaucracy. You can help return the beret to the airborne by actively (and vociferously) stating your opinion on the matter to your representatives in Washington. Sit down and write your

Senator or Congressman today and say:

"It is my wish that the maroon beret be restored to the airborne forces.

"I am asking you, as my elected representative, to cosponsor the resolution which requests the Secretary of the Army to restore the maroon beret to the airborne."

Send letters to the attention of your congressman's administrative assistant.

## CONTRACT OUT ON AMIN ...

With orders to capture him alive, a special unit has been formed to track down deposed Ugandan dictator Idi Amin.

Shmuel Flatto-Sharon, a multi-millionaire member of the Israeli parliament, is reportedly a major financial supporter and one of the prime movers behind the formation of the special squad, whose Israeli leader he selected personally.

Sources close to Flatto said the group is comprised of two Israelis, two Americans, two Africans, and six Ugandans.

Both Flatto and the new Ugandan government want Amin returned alive, so that he can stand trial for crimes against the Ugandan people and for the murder of Dora Bloch, the elderly Israeli hostage who died on Amin's orders during the raid on Entebbe in 1976. Flatto reportedly said she symbolized the Jewish mother, "and in that respect, she is also my mother and her murderer must be found."

## CHOPPER JOBS ...

Pilot Personnel International is looking for rotary wing pilots who want to make good, legitimate money flying helicopters.

Headed by Gene Peery, a 6,000 hour pilot with 10 years' experience in the international chopper job market, PPI locates pilots and places them in jobs best suited to their skills.

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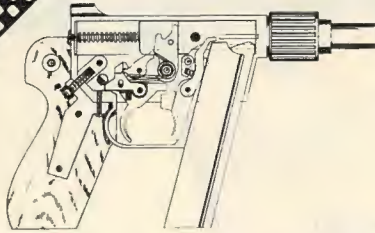
In addition, detailed information is provided on the unique aspects of each job. Cultural background, communications seminars and psychological testing are all utilized to insure that pilots taking positions in extreme or unusual environments will fit into their jobs with a minimum of difficulty.

The job placement and prep course is expensive — approximately \$7,500. However, it is GI Bill approved and PPI claims a success rate of nearly 100 percent.

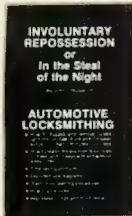
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by John Russell 3  
Reveals all known methods that thieves use to steal cars. Originally restricted to use by auto repossessors, police, and locksmiths, this manual enables the reader to open any locked, keyless car in just minutes. Covers the opening of all American made cars, including 1979 models. 5 1/2 x 8 1/2, 64 pp., illus., softcover. **\$10.95**

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Additionally, many jobs landed through the service are quite lucrative. One PPI graduate made over \$17,000 the first three months he worked with a shrimp company in the Northwest. Said Peery, "We almost closed down the school so we could all cash in on that one!" For further information, contact Peery at (503) 926-4999.

## OVERSEAS JOBS . . .

A logistics support program is being formed to assist in training and operating a modern army ordnance logistics program in Saudi Arabia, and is seeking a wide variety of skills including maintenance, management, supply, foreign military sales, quality assurance, ADPS ops, training ops, and industrial and mechanical engineering. Send resume-of-interest letter to Box 663, c/o Army Times, 475 School Street, SW, Washington, DC 20024.

Bell Helicopter International, 1901 Central Drive, Bedford, Texas, is currently seeking applicants for employment overseas. Qualifications include solid background in either military or civilian aviation or aviation manufacturing environment. In the maintenance areas, experience directing and overseeing OJ maintenance training, maintaining SKT, CDC, JTS, and other OJT forms is desirable, and the ability to train on a one-to-one or a one-to-several-people basis is required. If you meet these qualifications, send resume in confidence to BHI.

## OPPORTUNITIES IN EGYPT & LIBYA? . . .

Egypt and Libya, having finished a major "border clash" almost two years ago, during which both sides used mercs, are preparing again to resolve unsettled differences by war. Libya and Egypt each claimed victory in the indecisive tank and air battle fought two years ago and have been eager to resume the fight. Egypt was counting on the Israeli-Egyptian treaty worked out with President Carter to free their troops from their flank for an all-out war with Libya.

Egypt is taking delivery of a large amount of military equipment from NATO sources and is promised over a billion dollars more from the U.S. as part of the treaty agreement. Libya has taken delivery of equally large amounts of Soviet equipment, including over 150 MiG 23/27 fighter-bombers.

Over 200 North Korean mercenary pilots have arrived to man the bombers wearing, according to observers, prominent Kim Il Sung buttons in honor of North Korea's dictator. Other mercenaries have been observed at all levels of the Libyan military, including some from the U.S., France, Bulgaria, Russia, and

Continued on page 25

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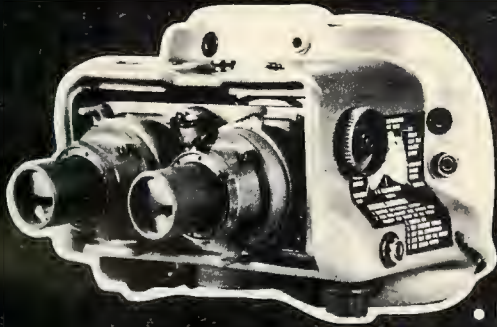
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# TERRAIN & SITUATION

by Jerry Ahern

**.25s**, as a whole, are a useless breed, yet they are probably the world's most popular guns. In the face of such contradictory logic, they have to be taken seriously. The 50-grain bullet scores zip for man-stopping. Even several repeated hits might not do the trick, unless to a vital area. The bullets lack so much energy that they sometimes cannot penetrate heavy clothing. Yet as a hideout gun, they sometimes must be relied upon when no other ordnance is available.

One of the finest .25s ever made was the pre-1968 Beretta Jetfire. Because of its size, it, like many other fine European autoloaders, was ruled out by the factoring criteria attendant to the Law. It was too small. In 1978, J.L. Galef & Sons announced the little pistol would return, as would the .22 short version, known as the Minx. Early in 1979, the first domestically produced Beretta Jetfires began to appear. The gun had also undergone some design changes, basic improvement that did not interfere with its earlier excellence.

The basic Beretta 950B design incorporated several unique features. First, the tip-up barrel allows chambering or emptying without slide manipulation, whether the exposed hammer is at rest, half-cocked or at full stand. Next, the skeletonized slide design enables the straight blowback pistol to function nearly faultlessly. This is coupled with the absence of an extractor. Because of the slide and barrel design, the case merely flies out and back from gas pressure. This is extremely positive. Finally, the magazine carries eight shots as opposed to the usual six and is released by means of a push-button rather than the more commonly encountered base-of-the-butt style release.

Berettas can generally be carried safely at half cock because of an exceedingly healthy half-cock notch. But the new Beretta — inertia firing pin equipped — can be carried hammer down or at full stand, this latter because of one of the new 950B's series features — a positive frame-mounted thumb safety which disconnects the trigger. Since the smaller the gun the dicier it becomes to lower a hammer over a live round, with the tip-up barrel the gun can be left at full cock and the barrel lifted, then the hammer lowered. If firing is only temporarily suspended, the gun can be carried cocked and locked. And if one is so inclined, the gun can be steadily carried in this mode.

I am not so inclined, but then I'm peculiar enough to carry my .45 with the hammer down. A cocked and locked carry

always gives me the jitters, even though I know it is reasonably safe.

When the limitations of such a gun in such a caliber are rationally understood, the gun can be useful. And the Beretta, with its almost legendary reliability, capitalizes on this. It is a dependable hideout gun — no substitute for a gun in a better caliber, but tailor-made for its purpose.

Accuracy with the little Jetfire at ranges of 21 feet was more than acceptable for a man-sized hit, despite the customary rudimentary sights normally associated with such guns. For more information or for the address of a local dealer, write J.L. Galef & Sons, 85 Chambers St., N.Y., N.Y. 10007, U.S.A. If a .25 is needed, it's hard to find one better.



**S**AFARILAND makes one of the most interesting shoulder rigs to be had. Made for medium frame autos and small frame revolvers, it is also offered for small frame automatics. Catalogued as the Model 53, this immensely useful little holster carries such guns as the recently reintroduced Beretta Jetfire, mentioned above, as well as Sterlings, Bauer and similarly sized guns.

Now, what good, one might ask, is a shoulder holster for such a small gun? Plenty, when it comes to concealment. Safariland used to offer the Model 53 without the crossover strap, but fitted with a Velcro hook patch on the top of the actual gunside harness half. A piece of Velcro fuzz could be stitched or pinned onto a shirt and the holster would stay in place without any crossover strap.

Duck down to your wife's fabric store and do the same thing yourself. Or use the Model 53 as it comes with elastic crossover strap, then after properly fitting it, do away with the adjustment buckle and sew the crossover piece together for a smoother and flatter outline under a coat. Continued on page 61



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All components are supplied in satin finished, stainless steel, ready for gunsmith's installation. Please use the coupon to order components direct from the factory; or, to request further information about the Enforcer which, of course, must be delivered through your local gun dealer.



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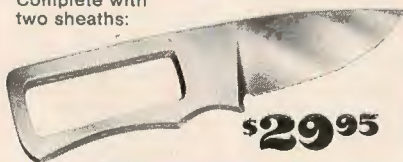


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# FULL AUTO

by Chuck Taylor



## COMPLETE STORY OF THOMPSON SMG AGAIN AVAILABLE ...

There is no firearm in American history that possesses glory equal to the Thompson submachine gun. Now the superb book entitled *The Gun That Made the 20s Roar*, by William J. Helmer, is again available through The Gun Room Press, Highland Park, New Jersey.

In his book, Helmer traces the true history of the famed TSMG, from its inspired conception by Gen. John Taliaferro Thompson, through the dark days of the "beer wars" of the '20s and bullet-riddled depression era, into the final days of honor in World War II.

Nowhere else can there be found such tremendous information on both the historical and cultural value of the Thompson, and its influence on world affairs.

Fantastic research, imaginative writing, lucid descriptive terminology, and excellent illustrations enhance Helmer's work. There is little doubt *The Gun That Made the 20s Roar* is a masterpiece of historic research, compilation, and writing. As far as I'm concerned, it should be regarded as the definitive work on the TSMG, for no other attempt I have seen (and I've seen all of them as far as I know) can compare with this one.

Those of you who seek weapons knowledge will be ecstatic over this book, and those who read it a decade ago in its first printing will, as I do, heartily welcome back an old and dear friend.

## REMEMBER THE M15? ...

In the days immediately following the victorious end of World War II, the U.S. Army began taking a hard look at its performance, training, equipment, and men and correctly decided a number of things could use improvement and/or replacement.

One of the greatest headaches, if not the most serious, experienced during the long war was the immense logistical problem of so many different weapons, parts, and ammunition being used by one basic organization. This valid observation led the Army in 1946 to begin a long, expensive program of research and development to correct the problem.

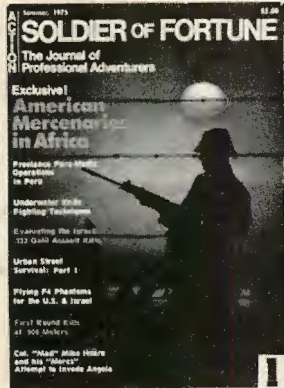
In the decade following, a myriad of experimental weapons were developed and

exhaustively tested by Army experts at Aberdeen, Maryland, in search of a suitable successor to the venerable cal. .30 M1 (Garand) service rifle. Included in the list of "wants" was the ability of one weapon not only to succeed the Garand, but to replace the cal. .30 M1, M2 and M3 carbines, the cal. .30 Browning automatic rifle (BAR), and M3/M3A1 (grease gun) cal. .45 SMG.

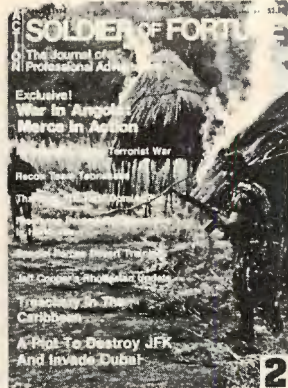
A tall order, to say the least, but the testing progressed on a reasonably smooth basis with a number of designs being tested and rejected. After all, the missions fulfilled by the weapons to be replaced were highly diverse, and any weapon superior enough to be considered for the job of replacing them would have to be something indeed.

Some designs tested were:

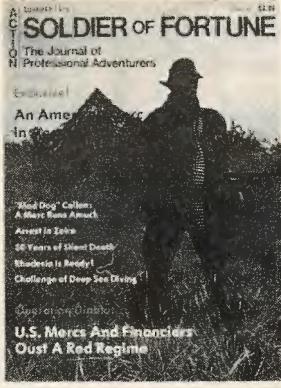
1. Cal. .30 T20 rifle: Selective fire, closed bolt operation in the semi-automatic mode, open bolt cycling in the full automatic mode. Modified 20-rd. BAR magazine used in test weapon. Muzzle brake.
2. Cal. .30 T20E1 rifle: Fired from closed bolt in both semi- and full-automatic modes. New type of muzzle brake. Adjustable bipod. Different magazine used. Adapted to allow use of bayonet, grenade launcher, or flash hider.
3. Cal. .30 T20E2 rifle: Improved muzzle brake, improved gas valve, improved bipod, improved bolt hold-open device.
4. Cal. .30 T22 rifle: Basically similar to T20E2. Had improved bipod, flash hider, and 20-rd. magazine.
5. Cal. .30 T22E1 rifle: Slightly improved and modified T22 rifle.
6. Cal. .30 T22E2 rifle: New magazine catch, improved trigger group. Same gas cylinder, gas cylinder valve screw, and bipod as used on T20E2.
7. Cal. .30 T23 rifle: Selective-fire by means of independent hammer release. Fired full-auto from open and semi-auto from closed bolt. Unsatisfactory functioning in full-auto mode. Early models used 8-rd "en bloc" clip of the standard M1 Garand; later models used BAR magazine. Magazine design proved unsatisfactory.
8. Cal. .30 T24 rifle: Selective fire by means of independent sear release. Fired open bolt on full-auto, closed bolt on semi-auto. Test models used 8-rd. "en bloc" clip. Possessed high-comb, straight-line stock.



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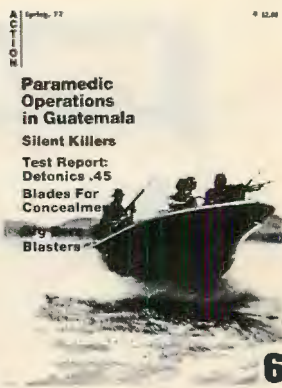
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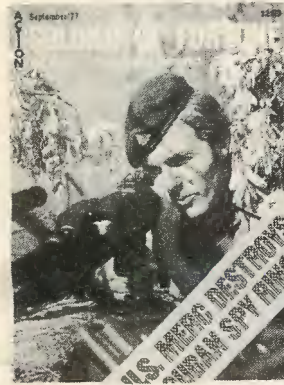
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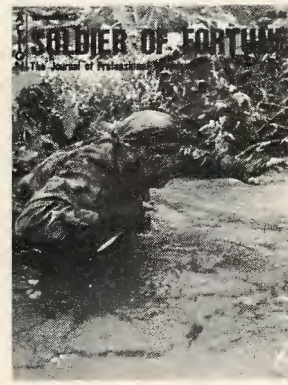
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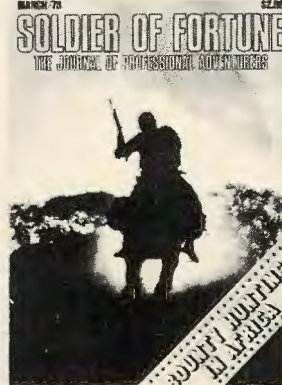
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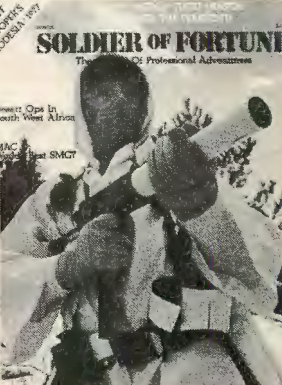
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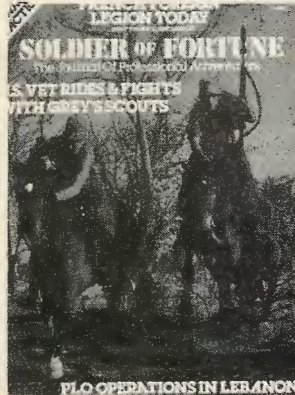
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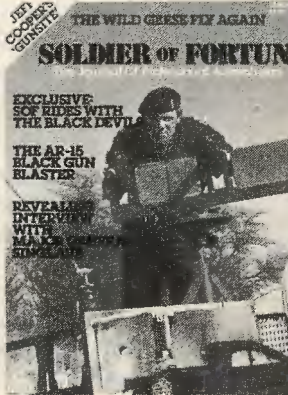
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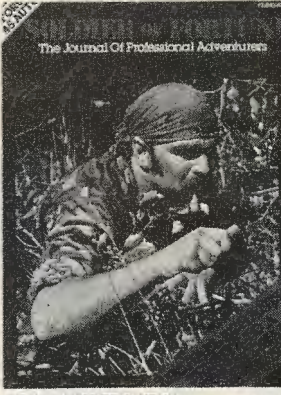
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**12. Cal. .30 T31 rifle:** In-line stock, of "Bullpup" type design. Improved magazine design. Magazine later adapted to T44 rifle.

**13. Cal. .30 T33 rifle:** Chambered for T65 (.308) cartridge. Unsatisfactory functioning and reliability. Dropped from program.

**14. Cal. .30 T35 rifle:** M1 Garand modified to use T65 (.308) cartridge. Used 8-rd. "en bloc" clip feed system.

**15. Cal. .30 T36 rifle:** Modified T20E2 chambered for T65 (.308) cartridge. Used modified T25 magazine. Fired both full- and semi-automatic from closed bolt.

**16. Cal. .30 T37 rifle:** Chambered for T65 cartridge. Weapon was modified T20E2 design. 22-inch barrel, shortened gas system.

**17. Cal. .30 T44 rifle:** Chambered for T65 NATO cartridge. Weapon was modified T37 with gas cutoff added. Produced in T44E1 (heavy barrel), T44E4, and T44E5 models. T44E4 model to replace cal. .30 carbines, M1, M2, and M3, M1 cal. .30 Garand, and M3/M3A1 cal. .45 SMG. T44E5 to replace cal. .30 BAR.

**18. Cal. .30 T47 rifle:** Redesigned T25 with straight-line stock and chambered for T65 NATO cartridge.

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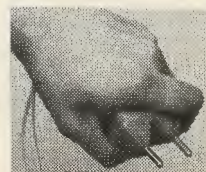
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**21. Cal. .30 Armalite AR-10 rifle:** Private entry in tests. Chambered for T65E3 NATO cartridge. Used extensive plastic and aluminum materials, straight-line stock, fired both semi- and full-automatic from closed bolt, had flash suppressor, bayonet lug, high sights.

At the conclusion of the testing period, it was decided to adopt the cal. .30 T44E4 to replace the M1 Garand, cal. .30 carbines, and M3/M3A1 cal. .45 SMG. The T44E5 (heavy barrel, bipod) was adopted to replace the cal. .30 BAR.

By way of information, the T48 (FN-FAL) was found to be equal to the T44 series as adopted, but it was decided the T44 designs were "more suitable to domestic production" than the T48. Any bets on the NIH (not invented here) syndrome raising its ugly head?

*(To be concluded next month.)*



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# STEELE ON KNIVES & KNIFE FIGHTING

by David E. Steele

Send letters for this column to author at Soldier of Fortune, Box 693, Boulder, Colo. 80306. Include self-addressed, stamped envelope for personal reply.

**Q.** I very much enjoy your column and find it informative, but still there are questions I have which I hope you will answer.

1) You wrote an article (an excellent one I might add) for *American Blade* last year called "Fighting Knives Today." In this article you state your choice for a utility-combat knife as the Randall Model #1, with a nickel-silver hilt, stainless six-inch blade and micarta handle. You also state the merits of this knife are in your book and you will not repeat them because you do not care for writers who get one good idea and push it for 20 years. This I fully understand. I don't care for writers like that, either. But I have never read or found your book. Could you tell me what these merits of the Randall #1 are?

2) In your articles you mention several of Randall's models, but never the Model #14. My stainless 7½-inch Model #14 was intended for heavy camp chores, but I think it would make an admirable weapon in combat (which is what it was designed for). What is your opinion of Randall's Model #14?

3) I am curious about the Gerber Mark II survival knife. In answering one of your readers some issues back, you stated that carbon steel will stain and rust, no matter what. You also stated in that same issue that Gerber's limited production "Neptune" is on the Mark II design but with a stainless blade and yellow painted handle. I understand the Mark II survival knife was quite popular in Vietnam. How well did these knives actually hold up? Are the Mark II survival knives stainless or what? You also state you think the Gerber Mark II would make an excellent issue knife for the Green Berets. I am very confused on this matter. I don't know much about the Mark II survival knife except what you and your readers say.

P.S. I read your recent article in *Guns* magazine, entitled "A Look at Sub-machine Guns since WWII." It was excellent in all respects except I felt you should have talked more of the L2A3 9mm Sterling, not merely that it's the successor of the Sten.

T.Z., Killeen, Texas

**A.** 1) The Randall #1 has a modified Bowie blade, with flat, sharpened false edge, ideal for utility and fighting. Stainless, high carbon steel, in this case 440C, provides maximum edge holding combined with corrosion resistance. A nickel-silver guard does not have to be cleaned of fingerprints and green scum like brass does. A micarta handle is comfortable, warm to the touch, and practically indestructible. A six-inch blade is a good compromise between a long fighting blade and a short utility blade. It is short enough for skinning game and long enough to reach all vulnerable organs when poking a sentry.

2) The Randall Model #14, designed to Marine Corps specifications during the Korean War, is an excellent fighting knife. However, I feel the blade is a bit long for convenient carrying (the Model #15 "Air-

man" with a 5½-inch blade is more practical), and the finger grooves on the handle prevent quick changes in grip position.

3) The standard Gerber Mark II has a high carbon steel blade, rust resistant but not stainless. The Neptune had a stainless 440C blade. The current Mark II is quite strong, and was used extensively in Vietnam. Green Beret recruiting posters and brochures usually pictured the old Sykes-Fairbairn Commando knife, but troops preferred Gerber's more robust edition of this type stiletto.

4) The L2A3 is an excellent SMG, and quite accurate once one figures out where to put his left hand (since there is no forearm). The last one I tried out was the Royal Marines model with the integral silencer. It was a wet day at the Secret Service range in Washington, and all we could hear was the thunk-thunk as two-round bursts hit the wet cardboard silhouettes.

**Q.** I thought to write you a short note to say how much I enjoyed reading your articles. I like to think that there is more and more exchange of information between hunters in different countries, mainly because we are all beginning to feel the effects of legislation and as time goes on this is going to increase until the "huntin' and fishin'" fraternity are extinguished!

It seems to me that for a very long time hunters in different countries were peculiarly insular. What happened elsewhere was no concern of theirs. Now I think we are tending to confer with each other and that is a very good thing. At least I think it is.

V.T.W., Inverness-shire, Scotland

**A.** Thank you for your letter. Although you are referring to my hunting articles, published here and in England (*Gamekeeper* and *Countryside*, Herts, England), I feel that most of those who read *SOF*, especially my articles on boar hunting, agree that hunting, whether with edged weapons or firearms, is worth any price to preserve. Real hunters don't just like to hunt, they need to hunt. No other experience comes so close to expressing man's inner nature.

**Q.** As an avid outdoorsman and a future infantryman, I am trying to obtain



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the finest combat/survival knife. I have heard that the Gerber Mark II is excellent for this purpose, but that the custom knives are much better, such as the Randall Model #1 or the Randall Model #18.

What is your opinion regarding these knives? Are the custom knives worth the extra money and, if so, which do you rate the best? Also, how important are saw teeth on a knife of this type?

F.A.B., Arvada, Colorado

**A.** Probably during your basic and advanced infantry training you will be forbidden to possess any knives, with the possible exception of a dull and useless bayonet. Once you get to a line outfit you might want to carry a folding hunter, like the Gerber FS II, for your own protection when you go to town. For Ranger training you might want a Boy Scout knife. The only time you're likely to need a sheath knife is for combat or for jungle survival courses. If such a knife is not appropriate for your assignment you will probably be ordered to lock it up in the company arms room. Among the knives you mention I would have to choose the Randall Model #1. Saw teeth can be useful, and Randall can supply them on several models as an extra-cost option.



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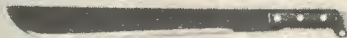
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## By Special Arrangement SOF Africa Correspondent brings readers a piece of the Action from the War Fronts of Southern Africa



Al J. Venter, Africa and Military correspondent for *Soldier of Fortune Magazine* has reached an accord with one of the best known distributors of militaria in the United States; *Lancer Militaria* to supply specialist items from Southern African operational areas for American collectors.

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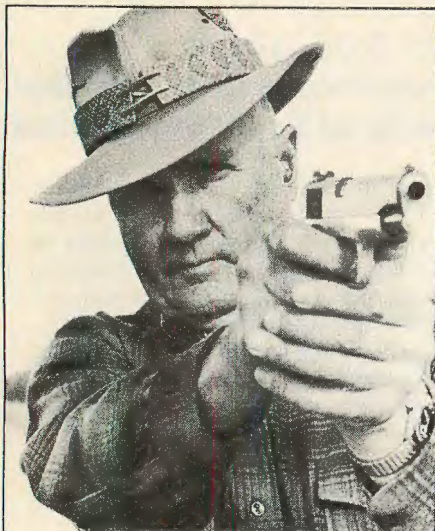
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*SOF's Combat Pistolcraft column welcomes letters from our readers. If you have a good question or contribution, send it to Jeff Cooper, care of Soldier of Fortune, P.O. Box 693, Boulder, CO 80306. For a quick, personal reply, include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.*

**Q.** I am looking to buy an automatic. I am thinking of getting an American-made 9mm like the S&W model 59. Have you had any experience with this weapon? Will any gunsmithing be required to help in feeding and accuracy? How does this weapon compare to other 9mm and .45 caliber autos? I am a police officer and would like a reliable weapon, but a bit smaller than the standard Army .45.

J.P.

Troy, Ohio

**A.** I advise against buying any 9mm service pistol for serious defensive use if you can get anything else. If you want something smaller than the U.S. service .45, there are a number around, beginning with the Commander and graduating down through the various Bobcats to the Star PD.

*If I had to carry the nine, my first choice would be the Heckler and Koch PSP followed by the Czech 75 followed by the Browning P35.*

**Q.** We are in the process of establishing the first formal practical pistol competition in Montana. We have several questions concerning the conduct of such competition. How can we assure the use of practical leather? Is it possible? One approach that we have considered is to require that any handgun/holster combination be concealable according to the criteria set forth in the concealed carry rules as described in your book, *Cooper on Handguns*.

Once it has been established that the outfit is concealable, outerwear could be removed for competition. This would preclude the use of gunbelt type rigs, an action which might be undesirable since we want to encourage the participation of local law officers whose standard equipment is of the gunbelt variety. It also, seemingly, would prevent the locked wrist draw because of the usual positioning of concealable rigs on the right hip or in the crossdraw or shoulder holster positions. Could you comment?

Could you recommend some holsters that fit your criteria of practical so that we could steer newcomers in the right direction when they go to buy their first holster? Otherwise, we are going to run into the problem of the old tied-down holster syndrome.

What do you think of the proposition that a large magazine capacity allows an individual to keep his opponent's head down with a high volume of covering fire while he seeks a more advantageous firing position? This has been advanced as a significant argument for giving the Browning Hi-Power, the S&W M59, and other large capacity 9mms equal footing with the .45 auto and .357.

And how do you feel about shooter classification? Open competition is certainly the most desirable because it is the most realistic. After all, it is unlikely that you will be able to choose your opponent in a gunfight. However, it is a fact of life that the novice is no match for the master, no matter what the endeavor. And the novice, when forced to compete against those who are superior, will, after one or two defeats, probably not return — yet it is the newcomer specifically that our group wants to encourage. The question is how do we best resolve this dilemma?

B.J.B.

Colstrip, Montana

**A.** It is good to hear that you are attempting to get practical shooting established in Montana. We wish you much luck.

*The problem of specifying practical leather remains with us. For a new organization, I suggest that you try to be sensible rather than specific. In South Africa this September we may come up with an answer to this problem, but until we do, it would be a mistake for newcomers to try to pin the rules down. The test remains that of wearability. If you can wear the piece in comfort all day long, from bedtime to bedtime, then your holster is practical.*

*I am strongly opposed to the notion of laying down "covering fire" with a pistol. Hit what you shoot at first and you'll have no more trouble. Anyone who shoots to miss is in for a possibly fatal disillusionment.*

*Shooter classification is another thorny point. When we originated it in Califor-*

nia, the notion was that there were only about five people around who could win a match if they or the others showed up. We put them in category A so that the occasional competitors would not have to worry about them. We then took the people who would win a match if one of those four or five hot shots did not show up, or would otherwise place in the top 10 percent. We called all those people Bs. Then we put everybody else in Class C.

This system worked for a while until the committee decided that A, B, and C categories should contain approximately the same number of people. This destroyed the system and we now have "Class A shooters" who are in no sense accurately graded according to the original scheme. Why don't you try the original California system for awhile and see what comes of it?

**Q.** Today I inquired at several of my area's gun shops about the cost and availability of Smith & Wesson's new M629 stainless .44 magnum. I knew I'd have to wait at least a year to get one, but I was shocked at the price quoted by all of the gun shops, at least \$500 to \$1,000 for an M629.

I've never been too happy with any of my blue-steeled Colts or Smiths. They

seem to wear so fast from handling in the grip area, and I take care of them well. I have a Colt government model .45 in nickel finish, and the rust problem is nonexistent. In your opinion, is stainless steel worth the money in this case?

I realize that nickel is a coating and can chip, while stainless is solid, but my guns don't receive rough treatment or dropping. My goal is a Smith .44 magnum that won't rust with reasonable care, notwithstanding handling. What is your opinion of nickel as opposed to stainless steel? Can nickel tarnish, rust, or corrode? I just haven't had enough experience to see for myself which is more durable, so before I make any commitments I wanted to see if I could learn anything about it from you.

My local gunshop has a nickel M29 with a 6½-inch barrel for \$475. I find that deal much more palatable than a \$500-to-\$1,000 M629 stainless.

However, if you feel that Smith's stainless guns are as indestructible as many people claim, I just might decide to invest in an M629 stainless .44 magnum. After all, the price isn't going to come down in the foreseeable future.

A.N.S.

Downers Grove, Illinois

**A.** If you need a rust-proof M29, I think that your best course of action would be to have a blued gun rust-proofed either by hard chrome, Armoloy or Teflon. All of which work. The new stainless .44 by Smith is what we have now come to regard as an "instant collector's item" and it may be some years before these pistols are regarded as utility instruments rather than trading goods.

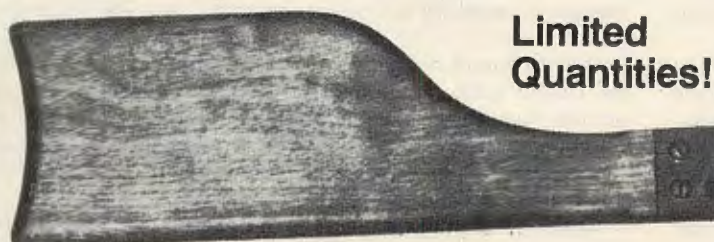
**T** HIS month Ken Hackathorn outlines some techniques by which combat pistol instructors can overcome poor student performance and evaluates Safari Arms' beavertail grip safety for the Colt .45. Hackathorn, an international combat pistol competitor, is a graduate of Jeff Cooper's American Pistol Institute. In the Army, he taught light weaponry as a specialist-instructor, Special Forces. His police work includes experience as a deputy sheriff and instruction of police firearms courses.

**L**ATELY, more and more custom accessories are coming on the market for the Colt .45 auto pistol. When a really nice item turns up, it is a pleasure to report on

Continued on page 71

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# GUNS ARE NOT THE PROBLEM

## A POLICEMAN LOOKS AT GUN CONTROL

A Guest Editorial by Sgt. Gary Johnston

**T**HROUGHOUT history there have been men who sought to control other men. Early groups of tribes conquered neighboring tribes that were weaker than they, taking what had belonged to them and killing them, or making the defeated tribes their slaves.

These early tribes were the first governments. There were leaders who made decisions and loyal soldiers or warriors who enforced the decisions upon the subjects.

There has always been one, and only one, basis upon which the control over some people by other people has been possible — weapons. Those who have been the controllers have had them. Those who have been controlled have not.

In the early days it was the spear and then the cross bow which were controlled. In our time it has been the firearm. Virtually every dictator or totalitarian government has given top priority to the complete control of firearms in order to maintain control over, and do with the people what they would. Gun control, then, is people control, and nothing less.

Europeans fleeing the tyrannies of their homelands came to this country where they could be free men. When they did form a central government it was not to be at the pleasure of a king or an all powerful monarch. It was to exist by a totally new concept of "by and for the people."

**T**HE values our founding fathers held most sacred were written into new, basic laws necessary to the survival of the country. These laws were called amendments to our constitution. Although there were many, the second (most important) one drafted guaranteed that the people would have the right to possess firearms, something many of the dictators of their former countries have forbidden to this day.

Today we find ourselves torn apart over the issue of "gun control." I say "we" because there is a basic right involved that we all share. It is a written right, if not a human right, upon which the control of our destiny is dependent. It is less important that any of us choose not to own guns than that we choose not to have the right to own them.

Never in our country's history have firearms been more difficult to obtain nor have there been more restrictions placed upon their use. Yet, never have there been so many firearms involved in crimes.

Just a few years ago, guns could be easily ordered through the mail and delivered to one's front door, and yet people could walk on their streets in safety and live without burglar alarms in their homes. This is no longer true.

**G**UNS are not the problem. The misuse of guns in our society is not really the problem either, but only a symptom of it. The problem is crime and the human intent to commit it, whatever the socio-economic reasons. We can legislate away the right to own firearms but we will still have to deal with the desire to take from and to hurt other people. We would have to still deal with clubs or knives, or two against one, etc. Finally, we would have to deal with being slaves to the government we allowed to disarm us.

The problem of firearm-related accidents, on the other hand, must not be minimized. Guns in the hands of children or the careless handling of them can have tragic results. Steps

must be taken by gun owners to prevent such incidents, but they do not relate to crime.

Registration will not work to control crime. It is absurd to imagine that a person who would think nothing of committing a felony by using a gun in a crime would hesitate to commit a misdemeanor by not registering the weapon. Though registration could serve a useful purpose, like locating the owner of a stolen weapon, it is not an efficient method of doing so.

Although registration is not an answer to crime, it may be the answer for companies that make computers and print paper forms. This is because registration will require the use of hundreds of computers and tons of forms. It will also cost millions of dollars yearly to pay the salaries of the people who keep the records. In short, gun registration is big business. It is also the first step to gun confiscation.

**T**HE answer, I believe, lies in a more realistic approach to crime and criminals instead of the idealistic one we are used to. I do not believe that one percent of the hard-core criminals now in prisons are able to be rehabilitated. Before any well meaning liberals prepare to descend my larynx, let me repeat — "hard-core."

I realize that the term "hard-core" may be difficult to agree upon, but I am sure we can begin with mass murderers, "sick" or not, and repeaters of violent crimes like armed robbery, rape, etc.

It is common knowledge that in some Middle Eastern countries thieves have their hands cut off, and that convicted murderers and rapists are hanged in public. While it is true that these countries do have some crime, they have very few repeaters.

While I would not call for such measures to be adopted in the United States, I do advocate changes. I believe that when an individual clearly demonstrates that he or she is not able to function in society except in the role of a parasite preying upon others, that individual must be removed from society and set apart.

Keeping these most dangerous offenders away from the rest of us becomes an expensive proposition. When one considers the countless, more productive ways such resources could be used, like feeding and clothing our starving children, the most pragmatic solution comes to mind for the hard-core criminal — death.

**I**F the term "death penalty" is offensive, then perhaps we should think of it as the "death alternative" instead. It should, after all, be administered within an atmosphere of necessity rather than revenge. The Supreme Court has provided for reinstitution of the death penalty by the states. They must now redefine it sensibly and uniformly.

Even if the death penalty is out of the question, which for the present it appears to be, one point must be clearly understood — crime control is criminal control. There is only one way to keep guns out of the hands of criminals, and that is to keep criminals away from guns. This will bring about a reduction in crime. The rest of us must remain free, and only free men own guns.



Continued from page 12

Yugoslavia. Egypt was known to have employed Americans in the previous border clash and can be assumed to be looking for "advisors" again. SOF has no information on where hiring is being done for either country at this time.

## SOF SUPPORTS SELF-DETERMINATION FOR ERITREA ...

Recent events in the Arabian Gulf have served to focus the attention and concern of all free democracy-loving people of the world to the true nature and dangers of aggression and neo-colonialism led by the international bandit, the imperialist Russian Bear and its puppet regimes. Russian imperialism, through the puppet Addis-Ababa regime of Ethiopia and the Cuban mercenaries has been conducting a war of neo-colonial aggression against people of Eritrea. The Eritrean Liberation Front has successfully beaten off four invasions of the counter-revolutionary forces of neo-colonialism led by the Russian Imperialists.

We support the just struggles of the Eritreans for self-determination against the neo-colonialists, the Russian socialist imperialists, the puppet Addis-Abba regime and the mercenary Cubans.

## HANDGUN HUNTERS ...

Handgun Hunters International, P.O. Box .357 MAG, Bloomingdale, Ohio 43910 is a new organization catering to the needs and entertainment of handgun hunters and those individuals who do not hunt, but do like to read about the adventures of those who do.

Specifically, the organization is publishing a bi-monthly paper, beginning in September '79, consisting of articles primarily written by subscribers and not "professional" writers. Articles will be oriented toward handgun hunting of any kind of game, handguns, handgun ammunition and its performance; with additional information regarding guide services, places to hunt and even the formation of a Big Game Record Book if the members so desire. Legislative activities are planned for the future.

A "Charter Membership Certificate" will be awarded the first one thousand members. All new members will receive a membership certificate, membership card, embroidered patch and one year subscription to *The Sixgunner*, official Journal of Handgun Hunters International, plus the opportunity to participate actively in the organization. Annual membership dues \$12.50.

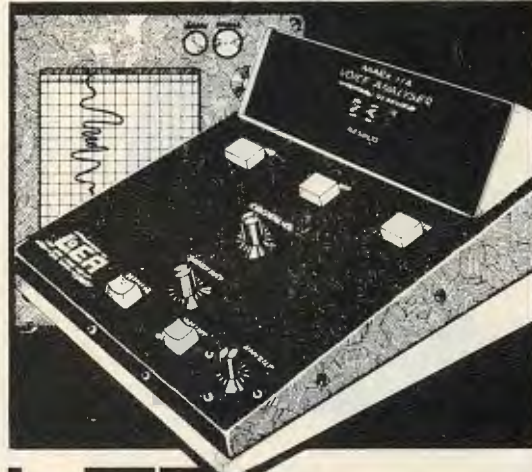
The organization was founded by J.D. Jones, a handgun hunter, ballistic experimenter and free lance writer specializing in articles pertaining to guns, ammunition and hunting.



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use. Like most H & K weapons, the internal parts are stamped and welded. The VP70 Z holds 18 rounds and, according to H & K's Bob Scroggie, "Can be thrown down a mountain to your buddy." The piece is a real hand-filler and takedown is simpler than most. Price \$268.



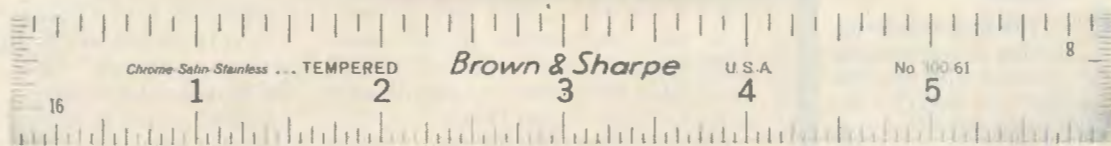
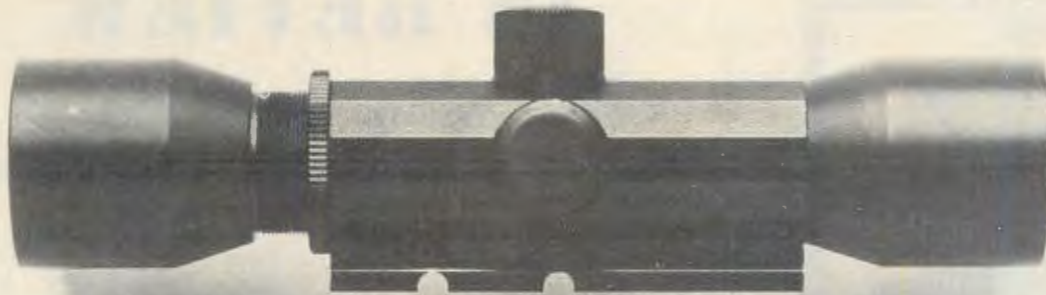
## WIRELESS MICROPHONE

MLI Industries, Dept. SOF, 50 Hunt St., Watertown, Mass., 02172, makes a micro-miniature wireless microphone that will pick up and transmit sounds through any FM radio. The Micro Mike is a condenser-type microphone with a black anodized aluminum case. Approved by the FCC, the mike measures 1 3/4" x 3/4" x 5/8" and operates on a 1.3 volt battery with a continuous life of 60-80 hours. The mike's usable frequency is between 88-108 MHz, and according to the manufacturer, has a range of 100 feet from the radio indoors and 300 feet from the radio outdoors. The Micro Mike sells for \$19.95 (including battery) plus \$1.50 postage and handling charges.



## WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

Doan Machinery & Equipment, Dept. SOF, P.O. Box 21334, South Euclid, OH 44121, makes their Magnesium Fire Starting Tool. According to the manufacturer, the Tool is not combustible in solid form, but shavings can be ignited with the built-in sparking insert (small rod imbedded in top of magnesium block can be seen in photo). Unlike some other fire-starting kits this one is unaffected by water or temperature and has a virtually unlimited shelf-life. The Tool weighs only 2 ounces and retails for \$7.60. It is also available from Sentinel Arms Company at 17 Olmstead Plaza, Middletown, PA 17057, (717) 944-1614.



## WORLD'S SMALLEST SCOPE?

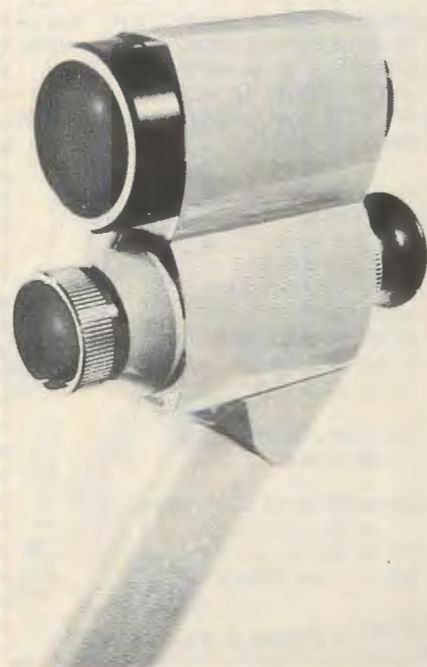
*JPM Sales, Dept. SOF, Box 593, Mansfield, TX 76063, distributes Hutson's Handgunner II Pistolscope. The scope, advertised as the world's smallest, features internal click adjustments and unlimited eye relief. Measuring 5½" long and weighing 5 ounces, Handgunner II magnifies 1.7X and has an 8-foot field of view at 100 yards. Parallax is adjusted for zero at 75 feet and beyond. Optics are coated with magnesium fluoride; the tube is nitrogen filled and sealed to prevent leakage and fogging. Price \$89.*



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*The Detect-R Site J-450, the big brother of the J-200, is also hand-held, but emits a more powerful beam of infrared light. Maximum effective range, according to the manufacturer, is approximately 150 yards at night. The J-450 sells for \$3,600.*



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# IN REVIEW

by M.L. Jones  
William L. Cassidy

Jay Mallin  
John C. McPherson

Terrorism is as old as the human race, but international terrorism is a relatively new phenomenon, a spin-off of 20th-century technology, international communications, travel, and weaponry, and the increasing cooperation of assorted national terrorist groups who work and train together for their sordid, separate ends. U.S. State Department figures report 1,275 persons were killed and 2,180 wounded in 959 incidents of international terrorism from 1975 to 1978.

Events analyzed by the State Department include kidnapping, hijacking, assassinations, and bombings. The report defines international terrorists as individuals who operate in a foreign country and defines terrorist acts as violence perpetrated for motives other than criminal gain.

As terrorist acts increase, government and private analyses of them proliferate. The State Department issues reports, and UPI (United Press International) cooperates with the Foreign Policy Association to write eight dispatches on the problem. Terrorism was one of the main discussion topics at the April 9-13, 1979, Conference on World Affairs at the University of Colorado, Boulder.

At this conference, Prof. Leslie C. Green, terrorism panelist and political scientist from the University of Alberta, warned, "We on this continent have been protected and insulated from international terrorism and must learn from Europe and other parts of the world how to deal with it."

Dealing with terrorism, Prof. Green declared, is a matter of "bluff and counterbluff. We must learn to acquire the backbone to say, 'No, I don't give in to blackmail,' and to respond as the Israelis did at Entebbe and the West Germans and United Kingdom at Mogadischu."

Prof. Green advocated formation of a proper anti-terrorist hit squad on an international basis, composed of highly qualified military technicians, trained by countries already coping with the problem — the Mogadischu cooperation between Germany and Great Britain illustrated how such a unit could work.

Other terrorism panelists at the week-long conference included Marvin Leibstone, terrorist analyst for Science Applications, Inc., McLean, Virginia, Ayman El-Amir, press counselor for Egypt's UN mission, and Luigi M. Tomasini, economist, the University of Siena, Italy.

Leibstone pointed out that because of the worldwide accessibility of small arms, terrorists prefer them to more sophisti-

cated weapons. He discounted possible nuclear sabotage, "since the use of nuclear weapons is distasteful to supporters of terrorists." Prof. Green declared this an optimistic view, due to the American continent's relative isolation from terrorist acts.

However, Prof. Green continued, most terrorists do not suffer from the "self-destruct syndrome." Only a few, such as the Japanese, he declared, are prepared to become martyrs. Instead, they are experts at bluff and counterbluff. Once we have learned to make proper political decisions, terrorists can be countered and overcome.

Although the Conference on World Affairs spoke mainly to wider sociological applications of terrorism, private individuals and organizations have also responded to the terrorist presence. Citizens arm themselves; executives hire bodyguards and complete security systems; law enforcement agencies form SWAT teams and research terrorist motives and tactics — and books on the subject proliferate.

SOF reviews three of these books in this issue. Since each is organized from a different perspective, they complement one another, and serious students of terrorism will find all three useful additions to their libraries.—M.L. JONES

**TARGET TERRORISM: Providing Protective Services.** By Richard W. Kobetz and H.H.A. Cooper. Gaithersburg: International Association of Chiefs of Police, 1979. 216 pages, \$12.95. Review by William L. Cassidy.

Under ordinary circumstances, the question of who publishes a given book is of slight concern to a reviewer and even less concern to a potential reader. In the case of the collective effort of Kobetz and Cooper, however, we are presented with the fact of publication by the International Association of Chiefs of Police: a prestigious organization if ever there was one.

The IACP was formed in the late 1890s. Its early attempts at information pooling formed the nucleus of the FBI's fabled files. Presidential candidates clamor to address its membership at banquets, it receives and, one supposes, spends millions of dollars and every chief of police in the United States thinks of it as the last word in professional respectability. So do police chiefs in 56 foreign countries, some of whom regard its works as the last tangible expression of the old Public Safety Missions: the CIA's near-legendary police assistance operation. Whether they are

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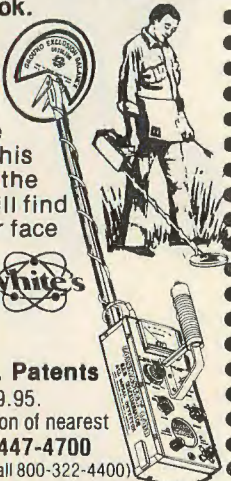
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correct or not is anyone's guess.

**Target Terrorism** consists of 10 well-constructed chapters: "Targets of Terrorism," "Tactics of Terrorism," "Assassinations," "Kidnapping," "Hostage Taking," "Bombing, Firesetting and Contamination," "Extortion," "Terrorist Profiles," "Terrorism: When and Where," and "Reducing the Risk." Also included are a predictable introduction, a predictable conclusion, an index, which is always helpful, and a substantial bibliography.

**Target Terrorism** is essentially a literature survey, but it is a good literature survey. In the past, if the average student of terrorism were to write for one of IACP's publications, the chances were good he or she would be ignored. (And not only average students: an acquaintance of mine employed by the federal government — in a very hot office that safely rests behind cypher locks and two vault doors — once attempted to acquire a study I wrote for IACP only to be refused. He was cleared, he protested, all the way to White House and had the proverbial Need To Know. Ultimately, someone in uniform had to drive out to Gaithersburg and pry a copy of the document loose from some hideous clerk, and I am pleased to report that the nation's secrets are still safe.)

Given the subject matter of this book, any meaningful analysis of its pages

would, of necessity, run to considerable length. I shall therefore confine myself to the general observation that, with each topic the authors have selected for treatment, they have obviously gone to the trouble of doing their homework. They are thus able to present us with a remarkably unopinionated look at how law enforcement and private security-oriented researchers regard the elements of late 20th century terrorism.

The book is by no means state-of-the-art, but neither is it too basic. I feel instinctively that the authors were limited both by their data base and their mission to write a general treatment, and aware of these limitations, made the very best of what they did have. The result is a solid, small-volume study for the lay reader who needs a reliable guide to the peaks and valleys of unfamiliar terrain. One can only wonder in amazement at the pluck of Richard W. Kobetz and H.H.A. Cooper: they have confounded a bureaucracy at its own game, and have delivered forth a jewel.

**TERRORISM. The Executive's Guide to Survival.** By Paul Fuqua and Jerry V. Wilson. Gulf Publishing Company, Houston, Texas. \$12.95. Reviewed by John C. McPherson.

A friend of mine claims that there are two words which can bring a conversation

to a screeching halt — cancer and terrorism. While there is only so much you can do to protect yourself from cancer, there are many means of preventing a terrorist assault.

Paul Fuqua and Jerry V. Wilson are two security pros who have the information that businessmen need to protect their organizations, their families and themselves from the "criminals, crazies and crusaders" who infest the netherworld of modern terrorism. Both Fuqua and Wilson are former career officers with the Washington, D.C., Police. Jerry Wilson served as chief of that department and some readers may recall his well-publicized statement that an armed citizenry might be the only solution to the problem of crime.

Just as the book is written by professionals, it is written for professionals. Much of the information is in checklist form and does not make for light bedtime reading. This should not discourage the serious reader, however, as the book is crammed with facts and step-by-step procedures for handling a variety of crises. Heavy emphasis is placed on effective countermeasures to bombing and kidnap threats.

The authors begin with a brief history of the terrorist use of explosives both in this country and abroad. Readers unfamiliar

Continued on page 74

# target terrorism!

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**ter . ror . ism (tĕr / ərĭz / am), N.**  
1. The use of methods to dominate or coerce by intimidation. 2. State of fear and submission so produced. 3. A method of resisting a government or of governing.

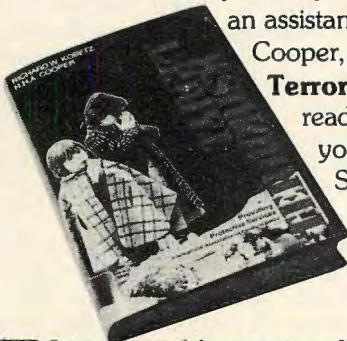
This timely, in-depth text explains how all the pieces of the terrorism puzzle fit together. **Target Terrorism** is a "how-to-do-it" resource that provides answers and knowledge to help you understand and effectively combat the threat of terrorism. Most books dealing with terrorism focus on single case studies or theoretical analyses. The authors of **Target Terrorism** adopt a different approach as they take the reader through a unique, step-by-step discussion on the subjects of: The Targets of Terrorism • Assassinations • Kidnappings • Hostage Taking • Bombings • Extortion • Noxious Substances • and Risk Reduction.

Written by two experienced protective services practitioners and trainers, Dr. Richard W. Kobetz, an assistant director, International Association of Chiefs of Police, and H.H.A.

Cooper, president, Nuevevidas, Inc., and consultant to the IACP, **Target**

**Terrorism** packs as much vital knowledge as possible into a handy, readable, and useful form. This book does not belong on your bookshelf, it belongs on your desk. Read it.

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## STOPPING POWER: A FOOTNOTE

By Rocky Kemp

In recent years, the controversy of various calibers or handgun effectiveness has been in vogue among many different writers and the shooting magazines. Two incidents that have affected me personally seem most germane at this time. One took place with a .44 caliber, the other with a 9mm.

The .44 incident concerned kids in a school-gang war. Because one of the kids couldn't handle it by conventional methods, he took a Ruger Super Blackhawk that belonged to his mother's boyfriend and commenced to shoot two people with it. One was a gang leader that had challenged him. He took one 240-grain slug about two inches under his heart. The bullet went through without hitting any vitals, and the kid was back in school in less than three weeks.

The second incident involved a close friend of mine. He had been invited to a co-worker's house along with a woman friend for a let's-get-to-know-each-other dinner. The lady inviting them was expecting her estranged husband. She was afraid of him and wanted moral support.

As they were sitting at the dinner table, her husband showed up with what appeared to be a box full of records. He walked into the dining area, looked around and suddenly threw the box onto the table. When my friend got up to pacify him, the asshole suddenly drew a Smith & Wesson Model 39 9mm automatic and began to shoot. My friend took two hits in the stomach and went down. He began to get up and realized the asshole was shooting at the women. When he tried to get the jerk to stop shooting, he took two more hits, one in the chest which deflated one lung, and another in his left arm. He went down again under the table and passed out. He later learned the man had killed the two women.

He came to when he heard the jerk slam the bedroom door. He tried to get up and realized he was badly hurt when he saw all the blood on the floor. He managed to get to his feet but the asshole came back and began shooting again. My friend put his arm up instinctively and took a bullet in it, as well as another hit in his other lung. He went down a third time and wasn't aware of anything until he heard the door slam as the crazy went out. He struggled to his feet and headed for the door looking for help. He managed to get into the street before passing out again. As luck would have it, he was found by a neighbor who was a paramedic and began medical aid as an ambulance was called for.

Continued on page 52

# HANDGUN STOPPING POWER REVISITED

## "BIG BULLETS LET IN A LOT OF AIR & LET OUT A LOT OF BLOOD"—ELMER KEITH

by Chuck Taylor

Controversy is strange. It has the power to transform otherwise mild-mannered people into wild-eyed fanatics, zealously propagating their pet theories and/or ideas — but since neither I nor SOF is known for shunning controversy, I present to you a clarification of a number of issues making up what I term "The Great Handgun Stopping Power Controversy."

First, let's take a brief look at the contenders. At the lower end of the scale we have the .22 long rifle, .22 WMR, .25 ACP, .32 ACP, .30 Luger (7.65mm), .32 Smith & Wesson (both long and short versions), .38 Smith & Wesson, and .380 ACP (9mm Kurz/Corto). It should be obvious to all that none of these cartridges possesses sufficient power to be regarded as a serious defensive caliber, regardless of so-called hollow-point bullets and/or high velocities. I refer particularly to the .22 WMR (Winchester Magnum Rimfire), at this point.

Ballistically, the .22 WMR outshines the .38 Special, and so, those who, usually out of ignorance, peruse ballistics tables looking for answers that are found elsewhere, are quick to choose the .22 WMR, based on lack of knowledge in a field that is relative and complex.

It should be pointed out that ballistics do not kill things or stop assailants, and, therefore, are completely worthless past a very basic point in the consideration of such things. It should, at this point, also be pointed out that "killing power" and "stopping power" are *not* the same thing.

"Killing power," by definition, means simply "to kill your opponent." By contrast, "stopping power" means "to cause your opponent to cease offensive action by means of incapacitation." It is *not* absolutely necessary to *kill* your opponent immediately in reaction to an offensive move. It is, however, *absolutely essential that you incapacitate him with, if possible, one solid body hit from your weapon, thereby rendering him incapable of further threat to you.* This may, coincidentally, kill him, but not necessarily.

Once you have incapacitated or "stopped" your assailant, you have time to further develop and control the situation and take whatever action you deem suitable: kill him, break contact, or engage additional targets, etc. The key here is that the *opponent must be rendered incapable of further offensive action as quickly as possible, with minimum shots fired.* This

is what "stopping power" is all about, and is, therefore, what this article is all about.

It is a historic fact that small caliber handgun cartridges are notorious for their lack of stopping power, although they are quite capable of causing death to one who has the misfortune of being shot with them, even if death comes hours or days later. This particular characteristic places the user of such a weapon in the position of being, as far as stopping power is concerned, "unarmed with a deadly weapon" — for if your assailant dies two days after he attacks and kills you, in spite of the fact that you shot him first — technically he wins! And, at the very least, your efforts in your own defense must be considered a failure.

Other cartridges that fall into this category are the 7.62mm Tokarev, 9mm Marakov, 7.63mm Mauser, .38 Long Colt, etc.; they should be studiously avoided by the serious student of defensive handgunning.

Next, let's look at the middleweights: the 9mm parabellum, .38 Special, .357 magnum, and .38 Super. Here we are entering the realm of cartridges that can be considered serious defensive implements, although marginally so. Further discussion will exclude any cartridges of lower power than these.

The 9mm parabellum or Luger, as it is also called, was introduced in 1902 and adopted by the German military in 1908. It was the direct result of an attempt to place the largest possible bullet in a case approximately the same as the 7.65mm Luger, thereby retaining the same overall dimensions as the 7.65mm. This allowed better stopping power than the 7.65mm while retaining the economic feasibility of converting existent guns to the more potent caliber. Technically, the attempt, although an improvement over the 7.65mm, was a failure, since the 9mm parabellum has proven to be about a 48 percent effective manstopper.

Next we have the .38 Special, which was also an attempt to breathe new life into a deficient cartridge, in this case the notorious .38 Long Colt, of Philippine Insurrection fame. Douglas Wesson, of Smith & Wesson, performed the research and development work, lengthening the cartridge case, and loading it with the new-at-the-time smokeless powder. Un-

fortunately, the .38 Special, like the 9mm parabellum, was still unsatisfactory, although it was an improvement.

The most famous of the middleweight cartridges is unquestionably the .357 magnum. Introduced in 1935 as the "world's most powerful handgun cartridge," the .357 was developed by handgun pioneer Elmer Keith and Douglas Wesson as an improvement over the .38 Special. It was definitely an improvement in its original loading, utilizing a large pistol primer, and an 8¼-inch barrelled revolver as a launcher.

The problem with the .357, of course, is that it is hardly handy to carry an eight-inch-plus barrelled revolver around for defensive use, so it wasn't long before six-inch, then four-inch, and even 2½-inch barrelled versions were common because of their superior portability. In fact, the four-inch barrelled version is now status quo.

Unfortunately, the .357 must have that long barrel to produce the velocities it must have to be effective, and, in anything less than a six-inch barrelled gun, it is not noticeably more potent than the .38 Special, although it does produce much more muzzle blast, flash, and recoil.

The .38 Super, introduced in 1929, propelled its 130-grain FMJ bullet at about 1300 feet per second, producing about 500-foot pounds of muzzle energy. This was widely acclaimed at the time, since most were convinced that velocity was what caused death, a "fact" later proven false with the repeated failures of the .220 Swift. The .38 Super was relegated to a dusty place on the shelf of ballistic curiosities, although, realistically, it is superior to both the 9mm parabellum, and .38 Special, and almost the equal of the now-common, four-inch barrelled .357.

Next we get into the larger caliber cartridges, with a proven reputation for stopping power: the .41 magnum, .45 ACP, .44 Special, .44 magnum, and .45 Colt.

As proven time and time again, the .41 magnum (not police loading) and .44 magnum are not satisfactory for combat use, Dirty Harry notwithstanding, because, although they unquestionably possess sufficient power to incapacitate an assailant with one solid body hit, they are so powerful as to be impossible to be effectively controlled in fast, necessary, double-action work, and produce an incredible muzzle flash combined with unsatisfactory blast, making them a liability for fighting in poor light. One shot fired with either of these weapons will alert everyone in the area as to your location, and, if you must face multiple targets, the lack of control of either of the weapons in question places you in a desperate, if not fatal, situation.

In the revolver, the .44 Special, even in its factory loading 246-grain bullet propelled at 725 feet per second, is a top

choice for defensive combat. Its ballistic performance, although unimpressive on paper, is sufficient to get that big slug into the vital organs, and cause a great deal of damage in the process, while remaining easy to shoot accurately, quickly, and decisively, even in a multiple-assailant situation. The loading of SWC bullets enhances the .44 Special's capabilities even more, the advantages of bullet shape being well known.

The oldest, but still one of the most effective of the big-bore cartridges, is the venerable .45 Colt, introduced in 1873 for

use in the now-famous Colt single-action revolver of the same year. Frontier graveyards are full of examples of the stopping power of this cartridge, although, unfortunately, no manufacturer is producing a modern, double-action revolver for it in quantity. I feel that this is a great injustice, for a weapon such as the S&W M25, M27, or M28 chambered for the .45 Colt would be the ultimate stopper possible with a revolver. A 250-grain bullet at 900 feet per second from a four- or five-inch barrelled revolver would be decisive indeed. Continued on page 52

**TABLE 1**  
Performance of Commercially Available Handgun Ammunition

Bullet ID No.	Caliber	Weight (grains)	Bullet Type	Manufacturer	Barrel Length (in)	Velocity		RI Index	
						Nominal* (fps)	Measured (mps)		
1	.44 MAG	200	JHP	Speer	4.00	1675	1277	389	54.9
2	9MM	96	Safety Slug	Deadeye Assoc	4.00	1365	1839	560	54.5
3	.41 MAG	210	JSP	Remington	4.00	1500	1260	384	51.9
4	.357 MAG	96	Safety Slug	Deadeye Assoc	4.00	1120	1725	525	50.0
5	.44 MAG	240	SWC	Winch-Western	4.00	1470	1330	405	50.0
6	.44 MAG	240	SWC	Browning	4.00	1470	1311	399	49.8
7	.44 MAG	240	SWC	Remington	4.00	1470	1286	391	48.9
8	.44 MAG	240	JHP	Browning	4.00	1330	1257	383	47.9
9	.44 MAG	240	JHP	Remington	4.00	1470	1229	374	46.7
10	.357 MAG	96	Safety Slug	Deadeye Assoc	2.75	1120	1615	492	46.0
11	.44 MAG	240	JSP	Speer	4.00	1650	1203	366	45.7
12	.357 MAG	125	JHP	Speer	4.00	1900	1301	396	44.4
13	.357 MAG	140	JHP	Speer	4.00	1780	1221	372	44.4
14	.357 MAG	125	JHP	Remington	4.00	1675	1366	416	42.5
15	.38 SPEC	96	Safety Slug	Deadeye Assoc	4.00	1800	1585	483	41.8
16	.44 MAG	180	JSP	Super Vel	4.00	1995	1495	455	41.6
17	9MM	115	JHP	Remington	4.00	1160	1192	363	38.0
18	.38 SPEC	96	Safety Slug	Deadeye Assoc	2.00	1800	1496	455	37.5
19	.357 MAG	125	JHP	Remington	2.75	1675	1173	357	37.1
20	.357 MAG	140	JHP	Speer	2.75	1780	1125	342	34.4
21	.357 MAG	110	JHP	Speer	4.00	1700	1246	379	33.4
22	.357 MAG	125	JHP	Speer	2.75	1900	1161	353	30.6
23	.357 MAG	158	JSP	Speer	4.00	1625	1156	352	28.0
24	.38 SPEC	95	JHP(+P)	Remington	4.00	985	1187	361	28.0
25	9MM	100	JHP	Speer	4.00	1315	1188	362	27.9
26	.38 SPEC	125	JHP	Remington	4.00	1160	1108	337	25.5
27	.38 SPEC	110	JHP	Super Vel	4.00	1370	1159	353	25.1
28	.38 SPEC	110	JHP	Super Vel	2.00	1370	1148	349	24.8
29	.357 MAG	110	JHP	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1800	1226	373	24.0
30	.357 MAG	110	JHP	Speer	2.75	1700	1178	359	23.3
31	.38 SPEC	125	JSP(+P)	Speer	4.00	1425	1047	319	22.5
32	.357 MAG	125	JHP	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1775	1227	373	22.1
33	.357 MAG	158	JSP(HI-VEL)	Federal	4.00	1550	1255	382	21.1
34	.45 AUTO	185	JHP	Remington	5.00	950	895	272	21.1
35	.357 MAG	110	JHP	Western Sup-X	4.00	1500	1309	398	21.0
36	.357 MAG	110	JHP	Western Sup-X	2.75	1500	1258	383	20.2
37	.38 SPEC	125	JHP(+P)	Speer	4.00	1425	1006	306	19.9
38	.38 SPEC	90	MP	KTW	4.00	1030	922	281	19.6
39	.38 SPEC	110	JSP	Super Vel	4.00	1370	1202	366	19.4
40	.38 SPEC	110	JHP(LOT-Q4070)	Winch-Western	4.00	###	1106	337	19.3
41	.357 MAG	158	JSP(HI-VEL)	Federal	2.75	1550	1195	364	18.7
42	.38 SPEC	140	JHP(+P)	Speer	4.00	1200	978	298	18.6
43	.38 SPEC	140	JHP(+P)	Speer	2.00	1200	897	273	18.5
44	.38 SPEC	158	LHP	Winch-Western	4.00	855	915	278	18.4
45	.357 MAG	125	JHP	Smith & Wesson	2.75	1775	1188	362	17.7
46	.357 MAG	158	JSP	Speer	2.75	1625	1030	313	17.5
47	.357 MAG	158	JSP	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1500	1168	356	17.2
48	.357 MAG	158	JSP	Smith & Wesson	2.75	1500	1091	332	17.0
49	9MM	115	JHP	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1145	1193	363	16.6
50	.357 MAG	158	LRN(Lubaloy)	Western Sup-X	4.00	1410	1230	374	16.6
51	.38 SPEC	125	JSP	3-D	4.00	1085	1091	332	16.5
52	.38 SPEC	90	MP	KTW	2.00	1030	734	223	15.6
53	.38 SPEC	125	JHP(+P)	Speer	2.00	1425	931	283	15.5
54	9MM	100	FJ(FMC)	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1250	1341	408	15.2
55	.45 AUTO	185	WC(Targetmaster)	Remington	5.00	775	821	250	14.7
56	.38 SPEC	125	JSP	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1350	1064	324	14.5
57	.357 MAG	158	JHP	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1050	1116	340	14.4
58	.357 MAG	158	LRN(Lubaloy)	Western Sup-X	2.75	1410	1169	356	14.4
59	.38 SPEC	158	SWC	Winchester	4.00	855	924	281	14.3
60	.38 SPEC	95	JHP(+P)	Remington	2.00	985	1019	310	14.0
61	.38 SPEC	110	JHP(LOT-Q4070)	Winch-Western	2.00	###	956	291	14.0
62	.38 SPEC	110	JSP	Super Vel	2.00	1370	1076	327	14.0
63	.357 MAG	110	JHP	Smith & Wesson	2.75	1800	1044	318	13.9
64	9MM	124	FJ(FMC)	Remington	4.00	1120	1084	330	13.8
65	.41 MAG	210	SWC	Remington	4.00	1050	944	287	13.7
66	.38 SPEC	125	JSP(+P)	Speer	2.00	1425	983	299	13.2
67	.38 SPEC	158	JHP	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1050	1047	319	13.0
68	.38 SPEC	90	JSP(HEMI)	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1350	1158	352	12.4
69	.38 SPEC	110	JHP	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1380	1014	309	12.4
70	.38 SPEC	148	WC	Remington	4.00	770	741	225	12.4
71	.38 SPEC	148	WC	Browning	4.00	770	731	222	12.3
72	.38 SPEC	148	WC	Federal	4.00	770	737	224	12.3
73	.38 SPEC	148	WC	Smith & Wesson	4.00	800	726	221	12.3
74	.38 SPEC	148	WC	Remington	2.00	770	700	213	12.2
75	.38 SPEC	148	WC	Federal	2.00	770	674	205	12.1



# RATTLE BATTLE

## ARMY GETS IT ON WITH MGS

by William L. Cassidy  
& Robert Sundance



Those who travel Highway 101 in California do not do so just to pass by Ft. Ord. It lies just north of Monterey, inconveniently some might say, in the path of commercial traffic between San Francisco and Los Angeles, and idle traffic between the splendor of places like Big Sur, Carmel and the rest of the country. Vacationers from America's heartland pass by, marvel for a moment at the size of the post, and perhaps take small comfort from the notion that beyond its boundary fences and gates lies the might of the 6th Infantry. Other travelers, of a different persuasion, resent military intrusion in the midst of scenic beauty — a matter of aesthetics for some and politics for others. Truckers do not give it a second glance.

Driving south to L.A. and the Sur, Ft. Ord proper lies east of the highway, and to the west is the bright Pacific. The ocean is separated from the road by ranges, miles of ranges, and from time to time those who speed by see camouflaged trucks, soldiers in olive drab, and long red range flags. Mixed in with the grind of traffic they hear small arms fire: the measured release of pistol and rifle, and

the steady release of the '60s-eating belts thrown down from the back of deuce-and-a-halves.

When we traveled south on Highway 101 on 4 April this year, it was not to go to L.A. We went to the ranges: to the FORSCOM Western Regional Championships for M1911A1, M16, and M60. That is where we met Major James W. Pierpoint, CO of MTU Number Six, and Lieutenant Brian E. Thiem, an M.P. officer.

Major Pierpoint explained that the line of shivering shooters, spotters, and coaches we saw were members of 23 teams from 17 western states: coming from areas as far east as Colorado, as far west as Hawaii and as far north as Alaska; from the National Guard, the Reserves and the Regular Army. Rangers firing alongside nurses: hard men like Dick Palm of the Colorado National Guard, firing next to ladies like Captain Pam Youngbauer, 96th ARCOM, 320th General Hospital, Salt Lake City. They've come up from the post matches to the regional, and from regional they go to All Army. That is the way the system works.

We followed Major Pierpoint back from the ranges to the Marksmanship Training Unit (MTU) armory, to visit the gun plumbers and the hardware and to get the briefing on MTU Number Six's mission. Pierpoint and his people take care of 17 states with an operating budget of \$186,000. That's a part of the \$2,000,000 overall budget granted AMTU. With this drop in the bucket, MTU Number Six serves the National Guard, three Army Reserve Commands, two Training Divisions, and in the ROTC program, 47 universities, and 36 high school systems — whose schools total 100.

Last year MTU Number Six handled 1026 active Army personnel, 167 Reserve personnel, 397 ROTC members, 25 policemen, and 1018 other shooters, including 850 Boy Scouts. They held 24 clinics, hosted and participated in matches, and maintained an impressive number of weapons.

These are the facts and figures and they tell the story that facts and figures often tell: a story about a squared-away outfit with a squared-away CO with a big job



Above: Even the military succumbs to Mother Nature's fog.  
Below: Ft. Carson's M-60 team literally jumps to replace gunner with assistant gunner.  
Right: Recovery from mild M-16 recoil during 100 yd. rapid fire string in precision combat course — Note Alaskan team mascot (circled).



and not a hell of a lot of money. How the various MTUs around the country do what they do to keep shooting alive is always a source of continuing wonderment. MTU Number Six is just one example of this, though it has better leadership than others we've seen.

As we drove back to the ranges, we thought how the post was going all-out for the Western Regionals, and how this was an example of the Army doing something right. Good shooters make good soldiers. Good matches make good shooters. Good shooting soldiers make the Army a worthwhile place to be.

These matches take place over a two-week period in early April. In the second week, competitors fired accurized M-16s, National Match .45s, and M-14 rifles. We were more interested in the first week's events, competitions using unmodified battlefield weapons (M-16s, M-60s, and standard .45 pistols), especially the M-16 and M-60 contests.

The M-60 combat portion of the M-60 light machine-gun team matches, by far the most realistic, interesting competition, consisted of a two-mile sprint followed by team firing at targets ranging from 600 to 200 yards. Four-man teams had to complete their two-mile run with full gear — less pack and ammo — carrying the M-60, extra barrels, and miscellaneous support gear within 25 minutes or less.

Fort Carson, the fastest team, completed the run in 16 minutes; the slowest took 21½ minutes. Teams usually carried the M-60 with two men on the weapon, one carrying the muzzle end and one at the butt. However, the smallest man in the field — carrying the M-60 all by himself crossed the line in third place, in 13½ minutes. The Alaskan team carried its mascot, a stuffed tiger, in the extra barrel bag — head out so he could see the action.

At the sprint's conclusion, teams were given four minutes for "administration" and one minute for preparation prior to firing.

The first firing took place at the 600-yard line. The men were given two belts of 20 rounds each to be fired in 10 seconds each. Trigger control and recovery from recoil were necessary to print consistently on the life-sized head-and-shoulder targets. We marveled at competitors' two-shot precision trigger control, since the M-60 has a sustained capability of 650 to 700 rounds per minute.

After completion of the 600-yard sequence, competitors walked to the 400-yard line, repeated their target sequence, then ran to the 300-yard line, where they had to set up and be ready to fire within 40 seconds, when the targets popped up.

This 40-second run and set-up sequence was repeated at the 200-yard line, where competitors fired 20 shots at targets that popped up for 20 seconds, then completed



M-60 machine-gun team blasts away. Disciplined firing control resulted in consistent two- to three-round bursts and superb accuracy.

a rapid reload for another 20 shots. After the second 20-shot string, the assistant gunner replaced the first gunner and fired another two series of 20 shots. NRA high-power rifle experts would envy the accuracy of the 200-yard winning target — especially in the 10 seconds allowed.

While the assistant gunner loaded and fed the weapon, a third team member observed and corrected fire for effect. Meanwhile, the coach controlled timing by yelling the passing seconds into the gunner's ear.

M-60 team *esprit de corps* showed both in performance and attitude. These highly motivated soldiers sported ranger, airborne, jungle expert, combat leader, and expert infantry patches. One team boasted it had never fired a blank in its M-60. When they go on a field exercise they throw away the blanks and yell, "Bang, bang!" — to keep their "special" M-60 free of damaging blank carbon. The Alaskan team nicknamed their M-60 "Babe."

Although normal jams and miscellaneous problems plagued individual teams, the shoot-out ended with the 25th Infan-

try Division from Hawaii taking first away from Fort Ord's 7th Infantry Division. Third went to the 9th Infantry Division, Fort Lewis, Washington. Incidentally, Lewis won All Army last year.

On 5 April, we watched the M-16 matches, in which, after a two-mile run with gear — less pack — competitors were issued 385 rounds of ammo to be split up among six firers who shot at eight targets. Their team coach gave orders for ammunition expenditure, since the score consisted of number of hits multiplied by range, making it advantageous to a team to have fired up all of its ammo at the 300- and 400-yard lines. Targets appeared for 50 seconds while teams fired prone. The range was then cleared and competitors moved up to the next firing line. At 200 yards, competitors fired in the sitting position, where most teams expended all their ammo. If any did remain, the teams used it up during a standing rapid fire at 100 yards.

First place went to the Idaho National Guard, second to the 25th Infantry Divi-

# THE MARINES....



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sion, Hawaii, and third to the Oregon National Guard.

We noticed while on the range that the Army continued its long-standing policy of placing an individual who does not speak clear English in charge of range commands:

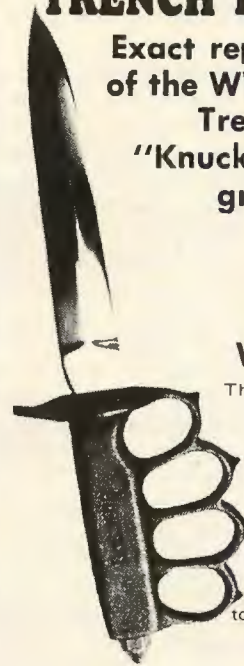
"Redece on chee rights. Hookay, thees is thee way wee chan load theese weepens—"

Because the George S. Patton combat pistol match for the .45 was not fired at the time stated in the match bulletin, we missed it. The aggregate combat pistol awards went to 9th Infantry Division Fort Ord, first place; California National Guard, second; and Idaho National Guard, third.

We want to emphasize that the regulars at these matches really love the Army. As combat soldiers, they want more field training exercises (FTX) and are eager to mix it up. Heartsick at the miserable state of the U.S. Army's combat arms, to a man, they hate the M-16 and its under-powered round. Many of them are leaving the Army due to dissatisfaction regarding promotions, poorly administered EEOC programs, weak leadership, unrealistic training or complete lack of training. If more commanders took the positive steps toward marksmanship training, as has the commanding general, 25th Infantry Division, Hawaii, this dangerous trend might be reversed.

Continued on page 90

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## SOFT TRAVEL GUIDE TO RHODESIA

Advice for Americans planning to go to Rhodesia, from one who has been there:

1. Rhodesia is not the Alamo, and you are not Davy Crockett. I hate to disappoint you, but upon arrival at Salisbury airport, you will not be personally greeted by the prime minister, a brass band, and beautiful women overwhelmed with gratitude toward you for coming to save their country. Yes, they are eager for immigrants, but they want serious, mature people to stay and become productive members of their society. Immigration inspectors have apparently been told to be wary of American adventurers — some are not allowed in.

2. There is no "race war" in Rhodesia. If you are coming to Rhodesia because you "hate niggers" and your local Ku Klux Klan or American Nazi Party chapter can't show you enough action, forget it. You are dead wrong if you feel that it is a case of whites trying to kill blacks and vice versa. Whites and blacks in Rhodesia enjoy very good race relations. Rhodesian blacks are nice people. The communists are the bad guys — white or black. The majority of the Rhodesian army is black, and the majority of terrorist-inflicted casualties are black. You will find yourself working with black people defending their homes and families from terrorists. If and when the Cubans and Russians decide to come across, you will be fighting white men to defend Rhodesia's blacks and whites. Rhodesians work very hard to build and improve relations between the races. Your "let's get 'em" attitude is not typical of the whites in Rhodesia, and will not be appreciated.

3. American BSers. Rhodesians have become quite good, thanks to many unfortunate experiences with Americans, at bullshit detection. If you think that you are going to convince the Rhodesians that you were a Special Forces colonel, a triple Medal of Honor winner, LRRP team leader, demolitions expert, and an F-4 pilot, you are wrong. They have developed excellent methods for checking out whatever claims you make. The Rhodesian army is quite happy to accept Americans who realize they will get the same treatment as everybody else. If you are a bullshitter, you *will* be found out and asked to leave — quickly. Phony American war heroes have made it so bad for others in Rhodesia that should you actually have an impressive war record, many Rhodesians will regard you with considerable skepticism.

4. Americans are not highly regarded, thanks to the above problems. Rhodesians have had it with hot-shot Americans who have come to give the Rhodesians the benefits of their deep political wisdom,

and to share their thoughts and feelings on how the war should be fought. The truth is that the Rhodesians are doing quite well, thank you, and considering our state of affairs, a bit of humility is more appropriate than big-mouth advice.

5. Attention, kooks, weirdos, phonies and get-rich-quick types. If one or more of the above titles describes you, please stay home. We are used to your kind (although we don't like you) and suggest that by *not* visiting other countries, you are making a positive contribution towards improving America's image abroad. Every American visiting Rhodesia hears so many unpleasant stories about other Americans that one is tempted to just shake one's head with the crowd and pretend to be a Canadian. If you are a phony, or if you are a loser, going to Rhodesia won't change a thing for you — in fact, those traits in you are likely to be exaggerated. Please stay home.

6. Courtesy, courtesy, courtesy. If you are not sure what constitutes basic courtesy, good manners, and appropriate dress, spend a day with your grandmother and ask her to fill you in. The Rhodesians are perhaps the most polite, considerate, and hospitable people in the world. They believe in good manners — the kind that went out of style in America two generations ago. Being that way, it is difficult for them to believe that you are really an all-right guy when you: a. go around town unshaven, with dirty levis and a camouflage shirt; b. don't say "please" and "thank you" at the appropriate times; c. start drinking and eating before everyone else; d. fail to compliment and thank the hostess for dinner. If you don't know about these things, there is no point in my going on. If you are going over, for God's sake, break down and buy at least one real suit with a real tie. Rhodesians always dress when going out or when dealing with others, and leisure suits just don't hack it. Wear a suit! It will do wonders for you, and will make a very good impression. Their first impression of you is important!

A passport, round-trip ticket, and up-to-date immunization record are all that is required to get into Rhodesia. Passport applications can be obtained from your local post office, the ticket from your airline or travel agent costs around \$1,400, and the immunization information for southern Africa can be found at your local Department of Health.

When entering the country, you will be offered a slip of paper with a visa stamp on it, or a stamp in your passport. Many Americans, to avoid difficulties with other countries, will take the paper in lieu of a Rhodesia stamp in the passport.

Bring extra cash and plan to spend up to three weeks, at \$12 to \$15 per day, before finding work. To save money, take the airport bus into town, getting off at the Meikles Hotel. Don't stay there — it costs too much if you are living on a tight budget. Stay at the nearby Terreskane,

Courtney, or Windsor Hotels. They are all reasonable and clean.

For information on work, hang out around the Oasis bar, the Terreskane Hotel bar, or the Monomatopa Hotel bar. One can usually make contact or find out where the jobs are in those places.

If you have to go anywhere for the job, arrange for bus transportation anywhere in the country through the firm of Moss-grove and Watson.

A man named Richard Moore is in the process of forming an all-American group. He can be reached c/o General Delivery, Salisbury, Rhodesia.

If you work on security jobs, be prepared to be armed by your employer with a conglomeration of various weapons. On my ranch, we were armed with two 7.62mm FN-FAL rifles, a 12-gauge shotgun, and a 30-06 rifle with scope plus white phosphorous, fragmentation, and concussion hand grenades. You should try to bring over as much of your own kit as possible. Equipment that is hard to find in Rhodesia includes: good quality pack (buy a U.S. Alice pack or similar type), binoculars, compass, web gear and boots, American hunting knives, personal sidearms, and little things like Levis, shaving gear, and so on. Even things like cameras and film cost more than three times as much as in the U.S.

About weapons, I definitely suggest a pistol or two, since they are hard to get. Don't bring any more than that, or immigration inspectors get irritated. They've had a few Americans show up with 20 guns in their seabags. By the way, it is illegal under U.S. law for an American to sell his weapons to a Rhodesian.

Rhodesian camouflage gear is easy to get. A lot of guys brought over Marine Corps fatigues and tiger stripes. Rhodesian law prohibits wearing any foreign type cammies (to prevent confusion in the field). You might want to bring American cammies to trade, though.

Pay varies from ranch to ranch. It usually ranges from \$350R (\$525 U.S.) to \$600 (\$900 U.S.). For every cattle rustler you catch, the farmer and government chip in. On my particular ranch, we received a \$350 bonus. If we got a terrorist with weapons, the reward could go from \$1,000 to \$5,000, depending on his rank.

If you go to Rusapi and hang around the hotel bar there, letting everyone know your purpose, you'll be offered a job sooner or later.

If your plane is stopping in South Africa, you must have a visa ahead of time. It can be arranged by contacting the South African Embassy at 3051 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20008. Otherwise, you will be confined to the International Lounge in the South African terminal until your plane leaves for Salisbury, Rhodesia. You can apply for a South African visa in Salisbury, if you want to go there after you are in Rhodesia.

# HISTORY IS WRITTEN BY VICTORS

## WHO WILL WRITE RHODESIA'S?

Commentary by Peter Brimelow

**A**T the time of Ian Smith's unilateral declaration of independence for Rhodesia in 1965, the shrill voice of a Canadian journalist called Patrick Keatley became a feature of Britain's airwaves. Keatley, who was at that time Commonwealth correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* and can now occasionally be heard reporting from London for CBC Radio, was distinguished even among the mindlessly liberal British press by his outrage at Rhodesia's leaders. He grew more furious as they successively falsified his every prediction of their imminent demise. Finally, he explained his thinking. The Rhodesians, he said, are a government of what we in Canada call "hicks." They couldn't hope to outsmart Britain's then-prime minister, Harold Wilson.

But Smith routed Wilson. For almost 14 years, Smith and the 250,000 white Rhodesians defied the world. Recently, Smith's voice broke as he prorogued Rhodesia's last white-dominated House of Assembly, ending, as he said, "a great and proud era." The future looks grim for all races. The tiny white community, without which the country would contain not one road, farm, or one stone standing upon another — the much-publicized Zimbabwe ruins were built long before today's black tribes arrived — seems almost certain to pass into oblivion.

But despite war, its rule was not harsh by world standards. And Smith can be seen now to have been a responsible and reasonable farmer, infinitely preferable to the squalid pygmies elsewhere presiding over the accelerating decline of the West.

**H**ISTORY is written by victors. Yet Rhodesia is worth remembering. Its white population, for one thing, was discovered, in the days when psychologists dared measure such things, to have the highest mean IQ of any group on earth — the result, it was surmised, of selective emigration from Scotland, another high-scoring area.

Whatever the reason, the country's performance since independence has been startling. Like Israel, it illustrates the overwhelming superiority currently still enjoyed by Western culture in a Third World context, the more strikingly since it faces sanctions and is not underwritten financially by the U.S.

After 1965, its economy diversified rapidly to substitute for banned imports, and there was a long industrial boom. Rhodesians learned to drink local brandy instead of Scotch. Short of fuel, they invented a method of starting their Hawker Hunter fighters by the direct injection of oxygen, which was subsequently adopted by Britain's RAF.

Militarily, Rhodesia's largely black army has refined counter-insurgency techniques to the point where, despite

undefensible borders and massive infiltration, the country still functions with surprising normality. There is no question of any of the competing guerrilla groups graduating to main-force action. So confident is the army that it has recently been attacking guerrilla camps deep in Mozambique with forces outnumbered 20 to one. To raid Joshua Nkomo's battle-shy units stationed out of helicopter range on the Zaire border, the Rhodesians simply leapfrogged from a forward base set up more than 100 miles inside Zambia. The security problem in Rhodesia is strategic, not tactical. The guerrillas, whose immediate objective is purely destructive, have the easier task.

**A** historian might note the irony that the years since UDI have proved the Rhodesian contention that democracy cannot survive in black Africa. Apart from the Idi Amins and Biafras, independence has brought political and economic collapse even to such allegedly moderate states as Zambia, where President Kenneth Kaunda recently won re-election by outlawing opposition. Both inside and outside Rhodesia, its black politicians are reverting to the tribal violence that predated the whites and flared up in the early 1960s.

Irony extends even to the cast of characters: Edward Heath, defeated as prime minister and discredited; Harold Wilson, abruptly resigned amid gathering talk of peculation and security scandal; former Liberal Party leader Jeremy Thorpe, who rose to prominence by calling for the bombing of Rhodesia's rail lines, on trial charged with conspiring to murder a catamite. And the geopolitical position of the West has grown critical with the U.S. defeat in Vietnam, breakdown of the Cold War alliances, Russia's seizure of strategic points throughout Africa and Asia, and the OPEC cartel.

But however justified Smith felt, his behavior after Mozambique fell into Marxist hands was a model of responsibility. Rhodesia's flank was now turned, and the military problem more difficult. For some time, the killing was restricted to rural Africans. Nevertheless, it distressed Smith.

Southern Africa next attracted the fatal attentions of Henry Kissinger. He began, in hopes of an election triumph, to insist on the sort of compromise of incompatibles he is now (rightly) criticizing Democrats for advocating from Vietnam to Iran. The South Africans, not realizing that U.S. hostility stemmed from domestic politics and therefore could not be appeased, began to threaten Smith with an arms cut-off. As Afrikaaners, they had never liked Rhodesians much anyway.

Continued on page 70

# TOUGHEST BEAT IN THE WORLD

## AN AMERICAN MP IN SAIGON

Nick Uhernik

The last days of March saw the first monsoon thunderheads rolling into Saigon, where another kind of storm was brewing. The 1973 American military pull-out was in its final stages. Many of the Vietnamese realized this meant the loss of millions of dollars in trade, and the end of a way of life — but they would cope. Hadn't their ancestors survived thousands of years of war throughout Asian history? Soon the Americans would only be another bitter chapter, as the French had been, 20 years before.

The denizens of the side-street arsenals were what worried me. As one of the last military policemen in Vietnam, I was increasingly aware of tension between Americans and nationals on the street. Black market business was spreading from dark back alleys into the open boulevards downtown, as if these transactions taking place before our eyes came from spite.

We realized it was only the urgent preparation for survival in the face of impending doom that forced people to violate the law so openly. Young boys pedaled bicycles stacked high with American-made automatic rifles through the streets of Cholon, and although gate guards at static posts logged thousands of contraband violations at American compounds, few arrests were made. The favorite rumor had it that the dragons of Ho Chi Minh sat poised outside Saigon's gates, awaiting the final departure of the American soldiers. How could the South Vietnamese people be blamed for preparing an avenue of escape, should the dreaded invasion from the North finally materialize?

In hopes of curbing the skyrocketing crime rate, commanders of the 716th Military Police Battalion increased American-Vietnamese police patrols in the city. I found myself assigned to a sector of the population that lived in a crooked triangle between Tan Son Nhut Airbase, Third Field Army Hospital, and the Pershing Field-MACV Headquarters compound. My "partner," a 25-year-old Cahn Sat called himself "Pham Sam." Proud to be a member of the Canh Luc Hon Hop (Combined Police Forces), he always carried his Smith & Wesson .357 magnum, model 28. I never learned his proper name, but it didn't matter — we

were always on a first name basis.

Pham Sam stood almost six feet, tall for a Vietnamese. Although his jungle boots and M-16 rifle were always immaculately clean, he often neglected his uniform, sometimes combining shiny new fatigue trousers with tattered jackets, causing even the most hardened MP top-sergeants to crack a grin.

Flares floating across Saigon's outskirts seemed to drift in and out of the descending clouds, and everyone walked out of the briefing room wondering if the downpour would come before the shift change at dawn. Since a long line had already formed at the burping water cooler, I grabbed a couple of yellow malaria pills and walked over to the rosters on the bulletin board. A dozen mosquitoes landed on my arms as I checked stateside assignments. Still nothing with my name on it. Thank God, I would be more than happy to spend the rest of my career in Vietnam.

I moved away from the yellow light and insects to the armory and checked out my weapons. The sound of heavy boots mounting the wooden barracks stairs to C Company's orderly room mingled with that of water filling paper cones, and soon Pham Sam was pulling my arm.

"You just gotta see what I got for us!" he was saying, a smile from ear to ear. "The VC blew up one of Command's new jeeps last night, but damn if I didn't save something before the honcho junked what was left —"

When I followed him down to the motorpool, I smiled too. Sitting in a far corner in the shadows of a guard tower was our regularly assigned jeep. But on the canvas top sat a newly mounted Federal electronic siren with dual revolving red lights, and an M-60 machine gun attached to the radio clamps. We would be the envy of the entire MP battalion! Pham Sam and I jumped in the jeep, fired it up, and roared out of the compound onto Saigon's streets before anyone could pull rank and claim the vehicle.

Within minutes, we were cruising beneath the banners of Tu-Do Street, taking in the warm night air and waiting the call to action. It was almost curfew, and the avenues buzzed with motorscooters racing against time. Hundreds of radios, set in

the windows of second-story flats, played different Oriental songs, as we entered each new block of our district. Crowds swelled out from the narrow sidewalks into our path, and more than once we had to detour through dark alleys when the road before us became a bridge of pedestrians.

Suddenly, explosions roared above the constant traffic hum, and cyclo and taxi horns gave way to sporadic automatic weapons fire in the distance, possibly five or six blocks away. The radio net was silent, except for bar fights in Delta Sector, and a complaint of prostitutes without V.D. cards at the Mississippi Club.

Pham Sam activated the emergency equipment, and we raced down weaving concrete canyons towards the sound of the shooting. The reports' intensity doubled as we rounded the last corner, arriving in the midst of a full-fledged firefight. A police jeep lay on its side in flames, and a half dozen ARVN troopers crouched behind a vendor's wagon 30 feet away, their M-1s blasting at the rooftops across the street. Three snipers returned their fire with AK-47s and an SKS. Soon the area was illuminated by the flames of a shop's canopy, ignited by stray tracers. We skidded up to the side of a bus and took cover.

I rammed a banana clip into my rifle and took aim on the flashes erupting from the rooftops, but Pham Sam tapped my shoulder and ordered me to wait. Using folding binoculars, he scanned the dark buildings and cursed under this breath.

"Shit," he muttered, handing me the binoculars. "Let's get the hell out of here!"

A cluster of flares exploded above us, enabling me to make out the outline of uniforms diving for cover on the rooftops — South Vietnamese soldiers!

"What the —" I looked questioningly at Pham Sam.

"I wish I knew," he said. "Maybe a fight over territory, or shop control. Maybe a feud between commanders..."

We crawled back to our jeep in the midst of ricocheting lead, then rolled it quietly back the way we had come, engine dead and lights out. I still couldn't believe what I had seen.

Soon we were blocks away, patrolling the waterfront. Brilliant lightning erupted on the horizon, but Pham Sam explained to me it was either an artillery flash or a B-52 bombing run. As we passed the storefronts, I watched the faces of the women on curbs and street corners. Obviously prostitutes, in brief outfits and heavy make-up, the hatred in their eyes was disturbing. Unlike the open disgust and resentment directed at us by back-alley hoods and criminals, these women's eyes felt like daggers twisting over and over in my back.

"Don't let it bother you," Pham Sam said. "They're only angry at your MP armband and its authority. Once it's off, you're just another five dollar joe."

The radio suddenly directed units to the Continental Palace, where an American GI had supposedly gone berserk. We were close, so I activated the flashing lights and barreled through the crowd, hi-lo siren echoing off the dwellings along Le Loi Boulevard. Phantom faces flashed by above trashcan firelight, and traffic cops on foot calmly sidestepped out of our path. Then we were pulling up to Lam Son Square. A patrol of QCs had already intercepted the drunken Marine, and three officers had him pinned to the ground as two other MP jeeps arrived. After confiscating a grenade and an empty Colt .45, the soldier was escorted to a holding cell at Pershing Field.

A few minutes later, we were passing a corner bread stand along Tran Hung Dao. A man in his mid-20s, with long dirty hair and faded khakis, was standing in the shadows, sampling cubes of steaming sugarcane from a small plastic bag. Pham Sam and I were upon him before he could blink twice. We knew he wanted to run, but he was cornered. He remained calm, almost passive, but as we stared at each other I could feel his pleading. He presented an Australian passport, an obvious fake, and I knew he was an American deserter. We stood in silence for a few moments, as I struggled with my inner feelings. I almost felt like going A.W.O.L. myself.

Soon I would be leaving Saigon, against my wishes, and I would have to complete my military obligation before I could return as a civilian. By then it could be too late.

I stared hard into the eyes of the person before me: had he fled from a firefight on some steaming battlefield years earlier or quietly slipped from a rear support company? I grabbed his wrists, and Pham Sam routinely pulled back his shirt sleeves. Needle marks ran the length of his forearms, the veins of which were black from collapse. The deserter only sighed. He dropped the passport in the gutter.

Pham Sam started to take out his handcuffs, but I turned him towards the jeep and shook my head. The deserter made no attempt to run away as I settled in behind

the wheel and looked back at him one final time.

"Can I get a message to anyone back home?" I asked.

He stared at me with blank eyes for a few seconds, as if trying to remember someone or someplace, but then his gaze fell to the ground and he slowly nodded. "*Da khon*," he said quietly. No, thank you.

As we were cruising Thong Nhut we came across a small crowd gathered at the entrance to a modest bungalow. A police barricade attempted to keep gawkers at a distance, for even in war-torn Vietnam street curiosity was far from rare. We dismounted and made our way through sidewalk vendors and shoeshine boys to a young Cahn Sat who stood at parade-rest at the doorway. Inside, Vietnamese and American investigators rummaged through the remains of two young lovers. Pham Sat talked briefly with one of the officers and learned the grisly story. As he relayed it to me, he probably added some choice details of his own, but gazing through the open doorway to the mess inside, it all seemed believable. The plastic curtains on the wall were still smoking, and the stench of burnt flesh heavy in the air.

The couple had been living together for almost 10 months. She was a seamstress in a small shop in Cholon; he was an airman stationed at Tan Son Nhut. He had recently re-enlisted for a second tour of duty in Vietnam, but with all the new pull-out confusion, his orders had been changed to a hardship tour in northern Europe. Instead of taking any legal action or red tape maneuvers against the U.S. Air Force, they had gone to a movie with friends at the Rex, dined luxuriously at the Caravelle

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Nick Uhernik joined the U.S. Army in 1972 and upon graduation from the MP academy, was assigned to Saigon. He remained there until April 1973, when the unit was withdrawn from the city. After a short tour stateside, he spent the rest of his time in Thailand and Korea.

After discharge, Uhernik took a job with the Colorado State Patrol, a position he found boring as hell after the action he'd seen in Southeast Asia. He is currently a member of the Thornton, Colorado, police department. Though more interesting than the State Patrol, Nick still finds it lacking the excitement he enjoyed so much overseas. He liked Asia and Asian police work and would like to return if a suitable opportunity arose.

Uhernik still feels a sense of responsibility to the Vietnamese people too — he donated his SOF author's fee to the Catholic (Vietnamese) Resettlement Program of Denver. Says Uhernik, "I just know how I'd feel if that sort of thing happened to me."—Robin Heid

afterwards, then gone home to a quiet bungalow for an evening of love-making. At 11:44 p.m. they put their arms around each other and the young airman pulled the pin to a grenade that was taped to her chest.

Soon the streets were deserted. Curfew had fallen quietly across the city of sorrows. We rode in silence from sector to sector, ignoring the district assignments issued at briefing. Some brazen bargirls sputtered past us on their Hondas, but before we could catch up they had slid up to the footpath of a massage parlor and disappeared inside. We could see their faces in the candlelight behind grille-covered windows as we passed — like delicate birdlike creatures in a cage.

We pulled into a driveway that wandered down through a jungle of ferns and palm trees within the city and emptied out into a large all-night market. A few startled faces greeted our arrival, but for the most part business went on as usual. Pham Sam bought some slender bread loaves and two bottles of Coke, and we settled back to watch the merchants, trying to act unflustered by our presence. I checked the bottle cap for any signs of tampering (memories of the old crushed-glass-in-the-pop-bottle trick) and leaned back to enjoy the sweetest bread one could find in a combat zone.

To our left, some bargirls stood in the doorways, legs astride, with alluring lips and a provocative sneer: "Hey, you buy me a drink, okay, MP?"

Occasionally, an old man in a shiny grey suit, carrying lurid books, made a respectful but surreptitious tour of the tables. Very few Americans could be seen in the market, especially at this time of night. A rumbling of bombs lingered in the distance, and a gunship with two searchlights flew past low overhead.

Pham Sam clutched his stomach in mock growling as the bombing continued, reaching a dull crescendo, and we both grinned when he suggested we go to his father's house for a late night meal of fine Vietnamese cuisine. Flares began drifting into the enclave, and we decided it was time to resume "patrol."

A young shoeshine boy began yelling obscenities when we refused his services, and as we mounted the jeep and departed, a small girl flipped us the bird and screamed "One, two, three ... motherfuck MP!"

Her courage caught us so off guard that we were unable to dodge a trash can that plummeted down on our jeep from a third story balcony as we exited from the market onto Nguyen Van Thoi Street. We drenched the dark building with our floodlight, but there was no movement, only stifled laughter of two women, whose footsteps faded into the night high above us on the rooftops.

I was surprised to find Pham Sam's family up at this late hour, but he explain-



ed that his younger brother, Loan, had just graduated from the National Police Academy, and he was still deeply involved in discussions with his elders regarding Saigon's growing terrorism. Loan greeted me with a hearty handshake, impressed with the MP equipment I wore, particularly the combat-adapted web gear, and the hollow-point ammunition (which I had specially made in Cholon). I withdrew a chromed pistol magazine and offered it as a "graduation present" but it was not until he received a permissive nod of approval from Pham Sam that he accepted the gift.

In an adjacent room, Loan's father and grandfather shared a long water pipe with his uncles, and Pham Sam grinned and assured me there were no narcotics soaking up the water. I merely nodded; the incense flowed in as two children disturbed the black bamboo drapes separating the rooms. They skidded to a stop upon seeing me, and politely bowed, remaining motionless until Loan dismissed them.

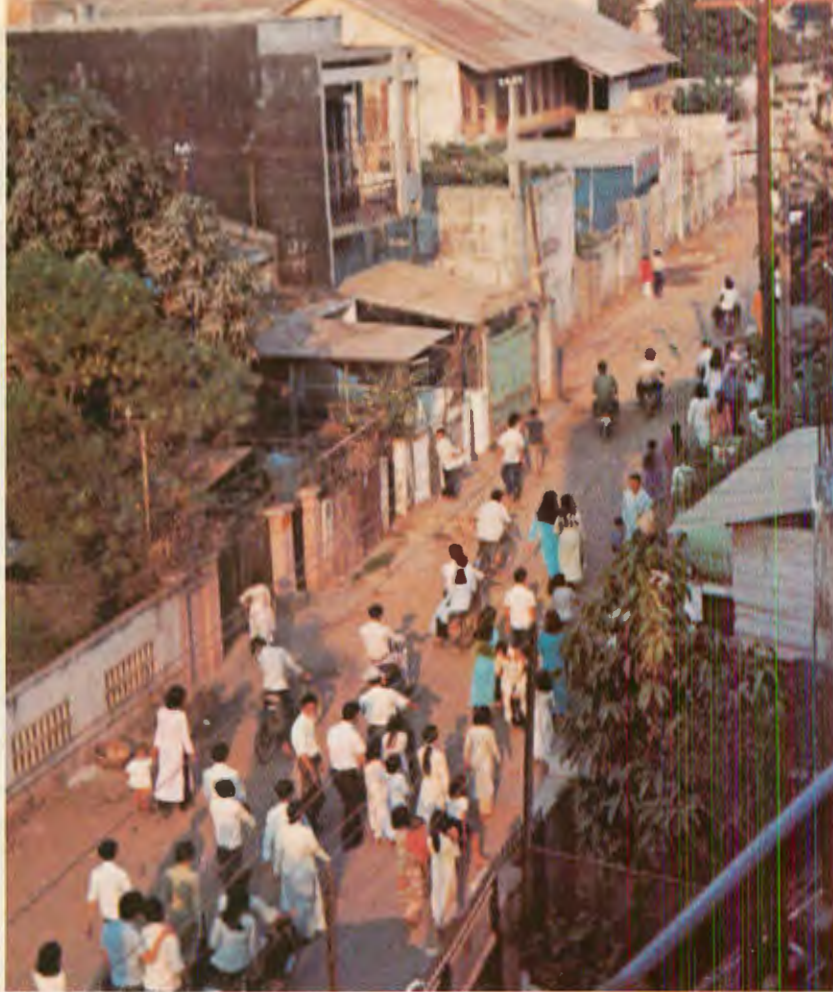
"They are very disciplined," I said.

"Nonsense," laughed Pham Sam. "They are just showing off. They would practice their English on you if I were not here." He did not elaborate, and my attention was diverted to a beautiful young lady, with long jet-black hair, clad in a blue ao-dai, who glided into the room from a dark hallway. She seemed to float along, as her tissue-thin silken dress, slit up the side and worn over black satin pantaloons, caught a slight breeze from the open windows.

"This is my sister, Hoa," said Loan, but she needed no introduction. She was one of the most beautiful Asian women I had ever seen.

"Hoa's husband is serving in Military Region 2 at Duc Co, just outside Pleiku," explained Loan, dashing my hopes of courtship.

Pham Sam led us into another room with western-style table and chairs. We sat down to a hastily prepared serving of leftovers from the evening meal. First a large bowl of pho soup, consisting of long, thick noodles and morsels of beef stirred into a thick green paste, was placed before us. Its unique "double-taste," Loan explained, was caused by adding the main ingredients to the broth only at the last minute. A serving of Bo-bay-mon, or sugar-beef dishes, followed for Loan and myself, each prepared in a different way and served with various traditional sauces. Pham Sam dug into a helping of Com-tay-cam, a rice dish with mushrooms, chicken and finely sliced pork, topped off with ginger sauce. Hoa shared a platter of Chagio with us, (small rolls filled with crabmeat, pork, noodles, and chopped vegetables wrapped in rice paper and deep-fried). Naturally, the rotten fish sauce called nuoc-mam was distributed liberally, and I found myself developing quite a taste for it.



Above: "Toughest Police Beat in the World." Notorious Chi-Hoa alley, where author fought snipers. Four people died in incident. Photo taken from sniper's position on fourth floor of tenement. Below: Six-foot tall Vietnamese MP Pham Sam, author's partner in violent clashes in Saigon. Primary weapons included M-16, right, and holstered S&W Model 28 .357 magnum.



Ten minutes later, we were sampling sections of grilled sugar cane, rolled in spice shrimp paste — Chao-tom, my favorite dessert. The topic of conversation had remained terrorism, with Loan telling us his eagerness to get to work saving Saigon from the VC. Already his friends were planning underground operations, should the government of Nguyen van Thieu eventually collapse. Mainly police officers, their group numbered in the thousands and was known as Tu-Do Luc-Quan (the Freedom Forces). With dozens of large automatic weapons caches spread strategically across the city, they vowed to strike out at the communists in daring hit-and-run commando missions. Pham Sam and I listened politely, but it was almost impossible for us to imagine uniformed communists actually in control of Saigon's streets.

Hoa started to express her views on the subject when a growing chorus of MP sirens began working their way in our direction. We scooped up our gear and raced out to the jeep, thanking Loan's mother for the fine meal as we left. We could hear small-arms fire to the west, but all the sirens seemed to be heading north, towards the old police station on Vo Tanh. I started up the jeep and we followed the sound for a few blocks, finally intercepting a half dozen MP units as they screamed up to a burning nightclub. Jumping out of our vehicle, we made our way through the sea of flashing red lights to where three MPs were fighting a large number of black GIs. Other MPs battled the fire, dragging out unconscious Americans as the heat and smoke billowed out onto the street. Pham Sam jumped onto two GIs who had pinned down one of our men and commenced to tear them up with a fantastic display of police ju-jitsu. A third GI came at him from behind with the classic broken beer bottle, and I slammed down on his shoulder blade with my night stick, sending him to his knees before splitting his forehead with a second volley of



Above: Pedestrian Gate at Headquarters Compound, where one Viet MP and one drunken Marine died in bravado described in article. Two Viet militiamen and one USA MP always manned gate. Lower left: Thanks for the help, GIs. Sign was later painted over by victorious North Vietnamese army troops.

swinging fiberglass.

Within minutes additional officers had arrived, and we soon had a dozen prisoners in custody. Further investigation showed that two of the prisoners had conspired to frag a senior NCO in retaliation for a disciplinary action earlier that day. An MP patrol just happened to be passing as the grenades exploded underneath the club, and the fleeing GIs were cornered after a short foot-chase. They were aided by other black soldiers who had been asleep in bungalows across the street, but were awakened by the explosion. The incident obviously had racial overtones since the NCO was white, and I wished the investigators luck. At least there had been no deaths.

We assisted in taking witness statements and tried to determine why the club was open this late at night, but few of the victims would cooperate. Fire trucks finally arrived as the structure burned to the ground, and what we found in the debris raised some eyebrows. A trap door led down into a cellar filled with wall-to-wall crates of Chinese and Soviet-made firearms. As investigators began formulating theories, I was ordered to assist in transporting the prisoners back to the stockade for book-in.

Although I missed the final story, word filtered back that some of the old-timers nearing retirement had been stockpiling weapons and had formed their own militia to assist government forces in the final battle for Saigon.

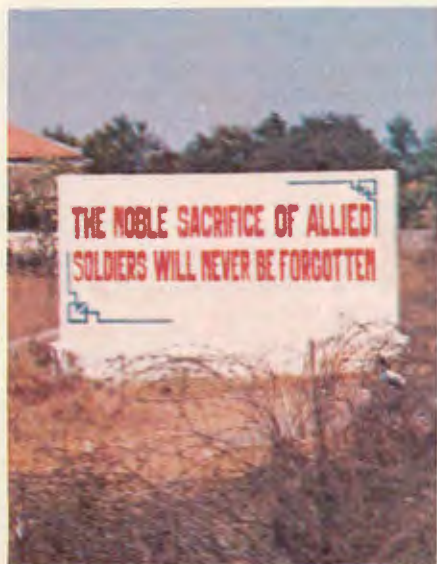
The next evening, after briefing, found me and five other MPs waiting around the command hooch for the arrival of our Vietnamese counterparts. A couple of the men were arguing about assignments in-country and comparing the MP battalions in Pleiku and Danang with the 716th.

"Hell, in Danang you were fighting a real war!" complained Lucky Seven Robinson. He was beginning his eighth year in the 'Nam, and had recently been transferred back to Saigon. "None of these goddamn whores and junkies and—"

"Well, the way I see it," I interrupted, "that's what police work's all about. Sure, you can go out in the bush and rough it with the guerrillas, but that's what the infantry and the Marines are for. We're MPs, and we were trained as police officers, right? When I was back stateside at the academy in Georgia, I was told that the roughest town on earth to play cop in was not New York, or Chicago, or L.A., but right here in Saigon!"

"You know, he's right," added Jeff Reilly, an MP I was to serve with later in the jungles of Vayama, Thailand. "I've been in on a dozen homicides, 40 or 50 robberies, some damn good narcotics busts, and I can still say I've been sniped at and weathered a few pretty hairy rocket attacks."

"That's right!" yelled a new voice from out in the darkness. "In Saigon we do fuckin' good police work!" It was Pham Sam and his buddies, one of whom came up the steps with a tree monkey held high



over his head, hanging from its feet. As usual, half the group seemed fairly intoxicated, but we knew our lives were in good hands in the event of a firefight or ambush.

Pham Sam and I teamed up again and volunteered for Sector 7, notorious for its Chi-Hoa alley and attacks on MP patrols. We had barely left Pershing Field when the call for help went out.

"MP needs help! Check-point 6 Alpha! We have officers down and shots fired! MP needs help! MP needs..." The radio message faded into static as other patrols acknowledged the transmission. Check-point 6 Alpha was one of the old Charlie Company static posts, manned by a joint Army-Air Force police patrol. Situated on a small island of concrete between four through lanes of Saigon traffic, nobody was ever told its purpose. It wasn't even provided with a worthy bunker, but since MPs were required to remain on their feet for the 12-hour shifts, in full view of passing motorists, no one ever openly questioned the lack of chairs or a protective structure. Located at the "point of no return" midway between Pershing Field and the MACV compound, Check-point 6 Alpha was considered "no man's land" and MPs were assigned there only once every two weeks.

Three patrols had arrived before us, as well as a deuce-and-a-half loaded down with MPs. A V-100 tank with two M-60s swinging from the turret and "Military Police" emblazoned on both sides rolled up behind us. An Air Force Security policeman sat on the curb bandaging a leg wound, as two Army MPs loaded a Cahn Sat into an ambulance. He had received a head wound and was unconscious. Across the street, four MPs stood over the bodies of two Viet Cong agents. Their vehicle had been stopped by the airman for an I.D. check, but they had produced an AK-47 instead, wounding the American slightly, and dying in a hail of gunfire from a Cahn Sat patrol as they fled through the crowd on foot. An old mama-san and two schoolgirls had sustained minor injuries in the shootout.

I walked over to the small Datsun pickup that the sappers had used and discovered something everyone else had missed in the excitement. A third communist still sat rigid behind the steering wheel, one clean bullet hole through the head and half his left arm blown off. We dragged him out onto the blacktop and searched his clothing, and then the vehicle, finding a large amount of VC propaganda leaflets and an accurate map of the interior corridors of the MACV annex. Military Intelligence was called in, and they took over the investigation.

An hour later, we were cruising the perimeter of the headquarters compound, checking on the needs of the tower MPs, and distributing cans of lukewarm 7-Up.

As we approached the pedestrian gate, we detected a small group of Marines harassing an MP and two of the local militia — men who were being trained to take over security at government installations after the final U.S. withdrawal. Pham Sam stomped down hard on the gas as the biggest Marine picked up one of the small Vietnamese and hurled him through the air into a tangle of concertina wire. We skidded up to the group sideways, just as another Marine pulled out a knife and charged the second Vietnamese. The MP attempted to disarm him and the fight was on! A third Marine pulled his knife and also charged.

I drew my .45 and aimed at his legs, yelling, "Halt! Military Police!" at the top of my lungs.

The bluff failed to work, and he changed course directly for me, yelling, "You motherfuckers are *all* gonna die!"



VC terrorist after encounter with American MPs Saigon militiamen.

I fired two rounds, taking off most of his right leg at the knee. He cried out in agony, smashing down into the dirt full force, and came up with a pistol pointed at my chest. He fired once, but the round missed completely and lodged in the jeep behind me. I took aim on his forehead and thought back on all that training at the academy. I could feel the drill-sergeant leaning over my shoulder and breathing into my ear, "Take a slow, deep breath, and squeeze that trigger soft and gentle, like a whore's nipple..."

But now I was shaking like crazy and gulping in the hot air. Sweat was rolling down into my eyes, and as they began to burn I was thinking, "What the hell am I doing? This is a goddamn American in front of me, not Charlie!" The Marine struggled to bring up the pistol again and I squeezed off two more rounds just as he pulled the trigger. The hollow-points tore off the top of his head, and his bullet caught my flak jacket in the right shoulder, knocking me backwards to the ground. Then everything was suddenly quiet, except for the papa-san, struggling to get out of the barbed wire.

Pham Sam held the other Marines at bay with his rifle, and I got up and ran over to the static-post MP.

He was repeatedly bashing the plastic stock of his M-16 into the unconscious Marine's face, yelling, "Fucking jarhead! Fucking jarhead!" over and over. I grabbed him by the collar and tried to pull him off, but I didn't have enough energy left. I stumbled over to the bunker and leaned against it until additional units arrived. At my feet was the other militia man. He was very dead, the Marine's survival knife sticking out of his lower back.

One of the Marines later explained to investigators that the group had been drinking heavily and had spotted the two Vietnamese walking towards the compound, hand in hand. Mistaking this custom of friendship for a homosexual act, they had decided to teach the two "queers" a lesson. As it turned out, they were all charged with homicide and turned over to the National Police.

It took only 13 hours to clear me of the shooting, and I was back out on patrol with Pham Sam the following night. The first couple hours were spent making the "bar run" down Truman Key, but word was out that the MPs were mad dogs, and all servicemen seemed to be under orders from their commander to behave for a change. We had received only two dispatches all night: tips on a gun-running operation down in Chi Hoa alley, and both had been false. At 3:32 a.m. we received a third report, again concerning black market activities, but the desk sergeant got a "gut feeling" about the call and sent two patrols to cover us.

As we rounded the last side street and coasted into Chi Hoa, it happened. The jeep's windshield exploded in our faces and a second later we heard the reports and saw the flash of rifle fire, high up on the fourth floor of the tenements across the street. Pham Sam stood up in full view of the snipers and emptied a 32-round clip at the rooftops before diving under the jeep. I had already found cover under a junked Renault. I tested my magazine, then rolled out halfway into the open and emptied the full 20 rounds on automatic. The hail from above increased as I ejected the clip and reversed the taped double-magazine to feed in a fresh supply of ammunition. The car atop me was actually bouncing up and down from the impact of the bullets, although the shock absorbers had been scavenged long ago! The noise was so incredible I thought my eardrums were going to burst. Where the hell were those other two patrols?

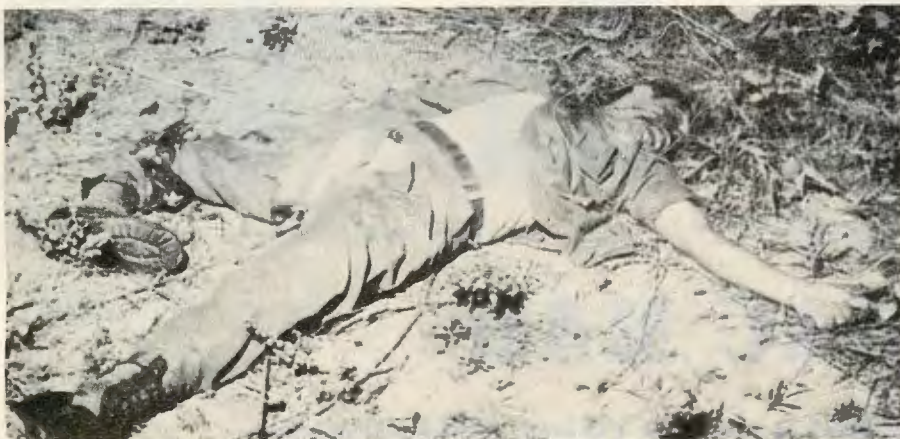
I felt along my belt for the bandolier of clips and shuddered. I had violated a cardinal rule and left it in the jeep! I switched my M-16 to semi-automatic and popped off a couple rounds, but the return fire was terrific. The snipers definitely had us pinned down.

I could barely see Pham Sam through the ground smoke, but he appeared to be

hanging upside down beneath the jeep, trying to get to the M-60.

"You can do it! You can do it!" I yelled.

The sound of sirens grew in the distance. Behind us the shutters to a second-story flat opened up, and two Vietnamese policemen opened fire on the snipers. It felt so good to see them that I switched my rifle back over to full-auto and staggered short bursts at the enemy until the chamber snapped open and empty. I wasn't sure how accurate my .45 pistol was at this range, but I still had 21 rounds for it in my web pouch, so I snapped down the safety and sent some carefully placed shots up into the dark. Soon a rifle fell to a third floor canopy, then slid clattering down to the ground, but credit had to go to a third Viet policeman who had appeared sporting an automatic carbine.



When two .45 rounds in leg failed to subdue this gun-wielding Marine, Uhernik was forced to kill him. Two hollow-points in forehead accomplished task.

I yelled luck over to Pham Sam, but he just couldn't get at the M-60. Instead he decided to go for the bandoliers, which were between the seats. He reached out and managed to grab a strap, but the canvas caught on the battery latch, and as he struggled with it, a round caught his right hand and blood sprayed into the air. Additional rounds came down on the bandolier and severed it halfway, allowing him to toss the remainder toward me. I used a board to drag the tattered bandolier under the car, but I found all of the clips but one were so mangled they would not slide into my rifle. As I pulled out bullets, separating the good rounds from the damaged, an MP jeep came barreling around the corner on two wheels, siren screaming, and an MP clinging to the mounted M-60 in the center-rear. After he and the driver determined where the snipers were, they let loose with the machine gun, going 40 m.p.h., and soon disappeared down the alley, only to return with another barrage after finding a place to turn around.

Soon a second gun-jeep arrived, followed by a couple of patrols loaded down with six MPs each. Everyone managed to

get off a few rounds before the snipers slipped away, and then we prepared for the floor-to-floor search. I ran over to Pham Sam, but he had already wrapped up his hand, and the bleeding had subsided. After hugging each other like brothers, we unsnapped the M-60 from our jeep, and he helped me load up with two cans of ammo.

We ran up past the empty guard post to the second floor, kicking open every door and making a quick search of every room. Soon the three Vietnamese sharpshooting policemen joined us, making a real party of the mission.

I'll never forget the look on a small girl's face as we swept past her window: a brief show of surprise as she looked up from her rice bowl, only to quickly resume eating, her eyes buried from our sight. I wondered what my family in Colorado was having for supper.

On the fourth floor, we found the bodies of two young women, clad in black silk trousers and green fatigue shirts, along with one man in his mid-30s. A wounded dog lay shaking in a corner shadow, and one of the Vietnamese threw him over the balcony to the street below. There were no weapons in the area, only a red, blue, and gold Viet Cong flag inside one woman's shirt. I offered it to the policeman with the carbine, but he backed off, shaking his head in disgust. I folded it up and stuffed it down in a boot, then resumed checking the bodies.

"Funny that VC leave their dead behind," Pham Sam was telling another MP. "We musta really scared shit out of them."

We soon returned to our jeep to survey the damage — a total loss. Man, was the captain gonna have a cow!

None of us noticed a little old mamasan who seemed to come out of nowhere, walking a bicycle, until it was too late. She parked the bike up on the curb a few feet away from us, then scampered off into the night. Pham Sam, who was squatting on the jeep's hood examining the windshield, suddenly brought up his rifle and fired

after the old lady. Tracers bounced back and forth off walls down the alley, but missed their target.

"All you guys hit the ground!" he yelled, but we just stood there, staring at him, shocked. The explosion came as he leaped from the jeep down onto me. But it was a lifeless Pham Sam who knocked me to the earth, protecting me from flying shrapnel. Although dazed when two fellow MPs helped me to my feet, I could see that only the pedal assembly and kick-stand remained where the plastic-explosives-packed bicycle had once stood. Vietnamese officers were lifting Pham Sam into the rear of a mint-green police truck, and they were off before I could go over to him. I stood there in the street, watching the smoke settle. Lights up in the tenements were going out one at a time, and down the block someone was yelling, "One, two, three . . . motherfuck MP!"

It was daylight when I finally completed my reports. I walked out onto the metal landing-pad sheets that seemed to cover the entire camp and made my way through the mist down to the mess hall. I needed a cup of Army coffee more than anything right then. Outside the orderly room the day shift stood at attention, ready for inspection, their patrol jeeps lined up behind them. An American news crew was filming the ceremony, to be shown later to the folks back home as "the stand-down of the 18th Military Police Brigade." The last MPs in Vietnam. I could just see them, rifles poised at the crowd as they walked backwards up the steps to that final freedom bird.

I decided to forget the coffee. I went out to the main gate and flagged down a taxi. It was my duty to tell Pham Sam's family about his death. On the way, I passed by the huge stone sign that meant so much to so many MPs: "The Noble Sacrifice of Allied Soldiers Will Never Be Forgotten." It stood in the orange dawn, surrounded by rows of rusty concertina wire and small piles of chipped paint.

A few minutes later, the taxi dropped me off in front of a large crater filled with burned wood and charred brick. I walked down the street to where an old papa-san was sitting under a leaning tamarind tree, carving a teakwood statue. He explained to me that the home I spoke of took a direct hit in the rocket attack a day earlier. A Phantom soared down above the trees and disappeared beyond the city. The old man was pointing across the street at a second house that had also been destroyed, its occupants killed. He offered me a packet of rice, wrapped in hot leaves, and I sat down on the grass next to him and let out a heavy sigh.

Pham Sam had never told me.







**Panga slain clerk in charge room of Naivasha police station the day of the great Mau Mau raid, 26 March 1953.**

Kenya did have a racial problem that was coming to a boil upon the return of African members of Kenya's regiments from World War II.

Aside from that, most life and death confrontations have basic similarities in that the results preclude a replay on better terms. We are being asked to submit to limited or total disarmament and to accept the assumptions and rationalizations of the proponents. Therefore, it is imperative to examine these assumptions in the context of history.

Around 1950, vague rumors of Mau Mau's existence continued to trickle in. Nothing was substantiated, so most whites regarded the rumors as alarmist nonsense. House parties went on apace with the languid euphoria of colonial life fueled by gallons of Muthaiga Club Scotch and Gordon's gin. Despite his expertise on Kenya tribal cultures, Governor Sir Phillip Mitchell had not regarded Mau Mau as anything but a temporary aberration. It took his successor, Sir Evelyn Baring, just 10 days in office to size up the situation and declare a state of emergency. This was signed on the evening of 20 October 1952. Before dawn, a lightning police dragnet had snared 83 suspected Mau Mau leaders, including Jomo Kenyatta.

Mass oath-taking ceremonies were being conducted in the depths of the forests with up to 800 initiates. Many Africans had been murdered, but no whites, and this eerie situation prevailed for some time, along with an increasing incidence of cattle-slashing. Mau Mau was, in fact, a new religion mixing traditional Kikuyu rituals with profane innovations designed to insure a loyalty of terror, silence, and absolute obedience.

It did not take long for the new governor to be tested by Mau Mau. Soon after his arrival, pro-government Senior Chief Waruhiu was ambushed and shot dead as

he returned from an anti-Mau Mau meeting. The second day of the emergency, another loyal chief, Senior Chief Nderi, was killed by *pangas* after ordering an oath-taking group of 500 to disperse. Eric Bowyer, the first white victim, was slashed to death by *pangas* while in his bathtub. Retired British Navy Commander Meikeljohn and his wife, a retired doctor, were attacked by Mau Mau *panga* men in their Thomson's Falls home. The Commander was killed and his wife, who recovered, badly disfigured.

Four days later Tom Mbotela, a Kikuyu loyalist who openly opposed Mau Mau, was murdered by *pangas* as he walked home from a Nairobi mayoral reception. His bodyguard was mysteriously absent. On the evening of 1 January 1953, Charles Hamilton Fergusson, a farmer at the foot of the Aberdare range, was entertaining a neighbor, Richard Bingley, at dinner. Mau Mau burst in armed with *pangas* as the pair drank their sundowner highballs. Fergusson tried to draw his pistol from a dressing gown but was cut down before he could put it into action, as was Bingley.

However, not all Mau Mau attacks resulted in death and wounding for the victims. But few victims, white or black, were prepared to react with lightning-precise defensive violence. Remarkable exceptions were two middle-aged ladies, Kitty Hesselberger and Mrs. Raynes Simpson, one widowed, the other divorced. Both shared a farmhouse at Nyeri and on the second evening of 1953 were settling down comfortably after supper, listening to the radio. The houseboy entered nervously with trembling hands. Simpson had seated herself facing the front door. Instead of placing her revolver in her dressing gown pocket, she placed it on the arm of the chair. Hesselberger asked the houseboy what was the matter, but he only stared through her with strangely glazed eyeballs.

A gang of Mau Mau exploded through the front door, brandishing *pangas*, eyes bloodshot. Simpson was ready with her revolver and fired a shot while shouting a warning, killing the leader with *panga* upraised. A second Mau Mau bore down on Kitty Hesselberger and again Simpson coolly pointed and fired her piece. Although her Boxer dog was killed while charging the terrorist, his sacrifice was not in vain, since he momentarily distracted the Mau Mau. Simpson's rapid reaction and accurate shooting momentarily checked the terrorists' momentum, giving Hesselberger time to grab her shotgun. At this point, the remainder of the gang retreated down a hall towards the kitchen, encouraged by another shot from Simpson's revolver.

Kitty Hesselberger fired her shotgun down the corridor, effectively silencing that sector. Then they heard noises in the bathroom, so they opened up a hot barrage through the thin wall. A trail of blood was later found outside the window, proving that they had found their mark.

The ladies ran outside to "see off" the surviving Mau Mau with a volley. Returning inside, they switched off the radio, which during the attack was giving the news. They were annoyed at having missed their regular news program. Instead they had made some! They fired signal rockets to summon police. Upon their arrival, a body count of three Mau Mau plus one wounded man's spoor tallied up a score of four out of five. The ladies' raw courage and quick action set an example for the settlers. They had survived because they were armed and had a plan of counter-attack to put into instant action. There is no doubt that Simpson's revolver and its instant availability on the arm of her chair was the key to victory. The ladies were suitably honored at an official ceremony by the governor. They remained humble and sad at the loss of their beloved Boxer dog.

One wistfully recalls the Sharon Tate massacre of five people by the Manson family and reflects on the possible outcome had even one victim been armed and resolute. Beautiful people in "liberal" Beverly Hills armed?

The Kikuyu peasantry had taken the brunt of Mau Mau, but like all Kenya tribes were permitted only spears, *simis*, *pangas*, clubs, and bows and arrows for self-defense. The government raised the Kikuyu home guard to defend the villages but permitted only the above weapons, with which they fought bravely, although disadvantaged. When Major-General W. R. N. Hinde, CBE, DSO, an ex-desert rat, was made military commander, he implemented stronger emergency measures, including the establishment of prohibited areas in the forests where trespassers were shot on sight. Continued on page 72





Radio communications are essential aspect of training routine.

The first few months of basic training of the girls' no-holds-barred program starts at 4:30 a.m. — winter or summer. The long period of instruction and workouts ends when camp lights are dimmed shortly after nine p.m. So it goes throughout the six-month training period.

Although the total number of women serving with the IDF is classified, I was authoritatively told by another of the instructors that there are roughly 500 girls undergoing training at Major Ilana's base at any one time.

The course is rigorous. The first month's basics involve everything a rookie associates with the army: close-order drill, army discipline, first aid, unarmed combat, and police call. Training progresses to weapons training with Uzi submachine guns and American-supplied M-16 assault carbines, precision drill, communications, field work as well as lectures in half a hundred subjects which can range from birth control procedures to bio-chemical warfare.

By the time this phase is completed, explained Major Ilana, "The girls are starting to look like women soldiers. If need be we can use them in this capacity."

Surveying is one of 250 tasks taught the women during training.

woman's role is as important as that of any man.

As an accredited SOF correspondent, I spent a day with Major Ilana at the IDF base near Jerusalem. Even getting in there was an accomplishment. As with most Israeli bases security is strict.

She was delighted that an American magazine should be interested in, as she phrased it: "my girls." She was familiar with the American training program for women.

"But things are tougher here," she warned.

Conditions at the camp, I found, were about as difficult as any military training establishment in the West. These were women taking the brunt of extremely serious efforts to turn them into battle-ready soldiers whose role in logistics, back-up, communications, and support should be crucial in any future war in which this tiny, embattled nation might find itself.

None of the girls are under any illusion that there won't be another war.

As one of them phrased it: "We might make peace with Egypt. But that leaves the Syrians, the Jordanians, the Iraqis, the Moroccans, the Libyans, the South Yemenis. And now the Iranians."







Questions concerning women's traditional roles in society all seem irrelevant when facing possible annihilation. Women train in all equipment, fully prepared to take charge when trouble strikes.

## WOMEN WARRIORS

The week after my arrival at the IDF camp, two squads of girls from the Women's Corps who were being put through their paces when I was there were assigned for duty as a guard of honor at Golda Meir's funeral. And as smart a bunch of birds as any, they were, too! For much of the day they performed their duties in a storm which threatened to disrupt proceedings from the start.

All Israeli women who complete school in Israel (and those who don't) are required by Israeli law to undergo a period of military training in the IDF. The standard period is two years — three for the men — except those who go for *Nahal* training where recruits are used in a paramilitary role on newly established settlements or kibbutzim in Israeli-occupied territory. Men on *Nahal* serve an extra six months.

Major Ilana stressed that her girls were not being trained to become fully qualified combatants or fighters. "But naturally we have to ensure that they are able to protect themselves or the community they find themselves in once all this is finished. And that," she declared firmly, "they can do *almost* as well as the men."

The girls are expected to perform guard duties in and around the camp; routine patrols on the perimeter of the base are armed with live ammunition.

Major Ilana again: "For instance, the average Israeli girl has had 10 years of schooling. For those who have not, we run special courses and many of them, for instance, would go and work in hospitals. Others will join the *Hihe* unit and help civilian police.

"Yet more might be better qualified for administrative work; a few more would be trained in electronics warfare or as social workers. It depends on the girls and we try to suit each one's purpose."

Obviously, the Major said, it was impossible to make everyone happy: "This is, after all, the army, but we do have about 250 different types of jobs available including careers in computers, aircraft mechanics, weaponry, cryptology, air traffic control, and many other types of work which give the girls a good grounding for when they get back to civilian life. Obviously, the more complicated jobs require a longer period of enlistment; in the air force, in particular, which is very popular among the recruits," she told me.

Fairly early on in the preliminary period a selection course is organized for potential officers, who "are then processed accordingly and sent to the appropriate unit whether it be army, navy or air force."

Major Ilana explained that, because of strategic considerations, Israel had been divided into three readily identifiable sections, each one militarily autonomous of the other though integrated through a

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Above: Major Ilana "Shapiro." Attractive, mother of three sons and dedicated combat-ready soldier for her country, threatened on all fronts. Right: Israeli armed forces pull no punches when training their women. Training is hands on, tough. Bottom: Israeli women take five from training session. Although women are expected to go to non-combat jobs, Israel shares the practical view with the USMC that all members be trained, ready to fight, regardless of expected job.



single central command: the north, the south and the center of the country. This was done, she explained, so that if one part of the country was cut off from the other as a result of enemy military action the rest can go on fighting effectively.

"So, in preparing my girls for their role in the security of the nation, this factor also has to be taken into consideration, for some of the women will serve in the mountains of the north; others will go to the southern deserts of Negev and Sinai."

The officer course is demanding. It is not enough for a girl simply to be dedicated and qualified. She needs a high IQ to earn her "pips" (IDF shoulder stripes) and a natural talent for leadership, for there will be many occasions when she will be required to take the lead, whatever the sex of the soldiers with her.

Major Ilana maintained that the leadership aspect was probably one of the more difficult phases of training. "Basically, it all rests on the fact that the army is, in reality, the face of the country; whatever you have in the country — good, bad or indifferent — you have here in the IDF. And it's our role to identify and use it gainfully."

Discipline at the base was in keeping with IDF tradition. It was stringently applied.

While under initial training, the girls are expected to maintain excellent standards of neatness and precision.

"Thereafter their business is their own — at least once they walk out those gates there — but by then we should have inculcated enough discipline to carry them through the rest of the time they are with the IDF. And also afterwards when they are on reserve," commented the Major, whose presence commanded respect as we strolled through the base.

"That period when the girls first come here from civilian life to the time they are regarded as fully-fledged military trained personnel can be regarded as the shock-period stage. We're tough on them. Very tough indeed." In fact, she maintained, it was her job to change the raw recruit's opinion of life generally; to take orders, to be told what to do and, most important of all, to do it properly for there might not be a second chance afterwards when they're dealing with the "real thing."

"After one week you see the change. It's usually for the better." The Major's austere voice rang with authority.

When the occasion demands it of her she also has to administer discipline which can mean sending a girl to jail for 35 days or stopping leave for a month at a stretch. This kind of punishment usually results

from desertion. The Major's other duties include that of judge at the military detention barracks.

"Usually we stop weekend leave or pay and that has the effect we're looking for, particularly since their monthly allowance is the equivalent of about \$30 while in training." At the base, the girls are given everything they need, including winter and summer uniforms.

"We cover all normal medical costs no matter how extensive the treatment — but the pill they pay for!" said the Major with more than a glint in her eye.

She made the point that there were only two ways a girl could opt out of military service in Israel. One was on religious grounds. The other was pregnancy and getting married. Then discharge is automatic.

And drugs? "Not really a problem," she answered seriously. "Nothing *hard*, in any event. If anything it's usually marijuana. But that's not often."

Ilana "Shapiro's" own career reflects equality between the sexes in modern Israel.

She has been married since she was 21 and has three sons — the youngest is 2½ years old — who are taken care of during the day while she is at the base. Because she is a mother, she is allowed to leave



Packing parachutes is another part of IDF training.



Army life is not glamorous, but these women find the threats to Israel's existence necessitate sacrifices.

base an hour earlier than other regular officers. Her husband is an electronics expert and she has accompanied him during short periods of overseas study.

As second-in-charge at the base, she is allowed the privilege of living out and her own car, a perk beyond the reach of most average Israelis these days. Ilana earns the equivalent of about \$720 a month before deductions. Since she admits that domestic help can be crippling and that a maid is essential for the children, "It does not go very far."

According to IDF tradition, Major Ilana expects to retire from the army at the age of 40, which gives her eight years to complete her career. With an almost fatalistic resignation, she accepts, too, that she will not be able to progress beyond the rank of full colonel. "You have to be a combat officer or have completed a staff course, and since we're not fighters, we women have to accept our lot."

In her own capacity as an officer in the IDF, she has toured America on a fundraising venture for the United Jewish Appeal after the 1973 Yom Kippur War. She has also worked in the public relations division of the Logistics Command.

Next year she intends going back to university for further study.

"I intend taking a course in criminology and psychology in a specially condensed degree course which is offered to IDF personnel. It lasts two years," she explained. For every year of study she is expected to sign on an additional two years in the army.

Will the girls that she puts through their paces at the camp ever see action?

"It's not impossible," Major Ilana declares bluntly.

"We're not trained for it. But in the short history of our nation there have been numerous occasions when women have been called upon to fill a combat role. Granted, that happened very early on in Israel's history — in the late '40s. And there were many women killed by the Arabs.

"With the Yom Kippur War and the surprise attack made on our northern defensive positions by the Syrians, some women soldiers came very close to protecting themselves with guns. But fortunately they were saved that ordeal.

"So let's just say that these girls will probably never have to fire a shot in anger. But should they be required to fight, then fight they will.

"Israeli women have done so before. They are prepared to do it again."



Stripping and cleaning weapons—still a basic chore, even in the IDF.



Israeli army women-trainees take a break, engage in bull session with author Al Venter.



IDF women participate in planning and logistics exercises with their male counterparts.

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As it turned out, my friend spent many hours in surgery for repair of his deflated lungs, two holes in his stomach, a hole in his liver, a finger that was nearly severed from his hand, two shattered bones in one arm, a total of 14 holes from at least six bullets that was fired into his body.

Of the bullets that were recovered, only one showed any sign of deforming. It was slightly closed up on the nose of the hollow point. The other bullets were all intact and showed no deforming of any consequence. A total of six bullets were recovered during surgery but one more came up to the surface sometime later and was removed by a skin incision in the neck region.

The bullets were Speer 115-grain hollow-point 9mms. This is not to slam Speer. It is simply a restatement of the relatively poor performance of the 9mm in general. The .44 Special didn't do much better, although only one hit was registered. In both cases, the shots took place at a maximum distance of 10 feet.

It certainly makes me think about the effectiveness of various calibers and emphasizes the need to make hits on vital areas no matter what the caliber, with more than one hit to do it.

Continued from page 31

Over the years, many attempts have been made to isolate criteria for an effective "stopping" cartridge. The first, and most widely known of these attempts took place in 1904, when General John T. Thompson, of Thompson SMG fame, and U.S. Army Surgeon General's office representative Col. Julius LaGarde were commissioned by the head of the U.S. Army Ordnance Department, General Julian Hatcher, to conduct a series of tests to determine the causes and effects of existent cartridges in relation to their potential combat use.

Tests were conducted on live cattle and human cadavers, and the results, although gruesome by today's liberal standards, were most enlightening. It was determined that the big-bore bullet possessed superior *stopping* power, and the U.S. later standardized the M1911 pistol chambered for the .45 ACP cartridge as a direct result of these findings. General Hatcher, who was shortly to become famous for his theories, created his famous "Hatcher's Theory of Relative Stopping Power," which, in my opinion, is still the most valid of the many theories present, even to this day.

Many individuals have attempted more recent testing by using gelatin blocks, modelling clay, and even water to test bullet impact reaction. The key here is that none of these tests use live organisms, and therefore their results are *only academic measures of how various cartridges compare with each other in that particular testing medium*. I have always been suspicious of such tests because of

TABLE 1

(Continued)

Performance of Commercially Available Handgun Ammunition

Bullet ID No.	Caliber	Weight (grains)	Bullet Type	Manufacturer	Barrel Length (in)	Velocity		RI Index	
						Nominal* (fps)	Measured (mps)		
76	.38 S&W	148	WC	Smith & Wesson	2.00	800	662	201	12.1
77	.38 S&W	148	WC	Speer	4.00	825	679	206	12.1
78	.38 S&W	148	WC(Clean Cutting)	Western	4.00	770	696	212	12.1
79	9MM	115	JSP(Power Point)	Western Sup-X	4.00	1160	1272	387	12.0
80	.38 S&W	148	WC	Speer	2.00	825	652	198	12.0
81	.38 S&W	148	WC	Browning	2.00	770	618	188	11.9
82	.38 S&W	148	WC(Clean Cutting)	Western	2.00	770	618	188	11.9
83	.38 S&W	90	JSP	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1350	1118	340	11.8
84	.357 MAG	158	JHP	Smith & Wesson	2.75	1050	982	299	11.1
85	.38 S&W	158	LHP	Winch-Western	2.00	855	805	245	11.0
86	.38 S&W	158	SWC	Federal	4.00	855	823	250	10.9
87	.38 S&W	158	SWC	Smith & Wesson	4.00	850	1006	306	10.8
88	.38 S&W	158	JHP	Smith & Wesson	2.00	1050	950	289	10.6
89	.38 S&W	110	JHP	Speer	4.00	1245	857	261	10.3
90	9MM	115	FJ(FMC)	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1145	1192	363	10.3
91	.357 MAG	158	SWC	Remington	4.00	1410	1088	331	10.2
92	.38 S&W	125	JSP	3-D	2.00	1085	957	291	10.1
93	9MM	125	JSP	Speer	4.00	1120	1058	322	9.9
94	9MM	115	FJ(FMC)	Winchester	4.00	1140	1126	343	9.7
95	.45 AUTO	185	WC	Federal	5.00	775	751	228	9.7
96	.38 S&W	125	JHP	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1350	1002	305	9.6
97	.357 MAG	158	SWC	Remington	2.75	1410	958	291	9.3
98	9MM	115	FJ(FMC)	Browning	4.00	1140	1067	325	9.2
99	.38 S&W	158	LRN(+P)	Federal	4.00	1090	999	304	9.0
100	.38 S&W	125	JHP	Smith & Wesson	2.00	1350	899	274	8.9
101	.38 S&W	158	SWC	Federal	2.00	855	796	242	8.5
102	.38 S&W	158	SWC	Speer	4.00	975	803	244	8.5
103	.38 S&W	158	LRN(+P)	Federal	2.00	1090	947	288	8.2
104	.38 S&W	158	SWC	Winchester	2.00	855	779	237	8.2
105	.38 S&W	158	LRN	Winchester	4.00	855	919	280	8.0
106	.38 S&W	110	JHP	Speer	2.00	1245	789	240	7.7
107	.38 S&W	90	JSP(HEMI)	Smith & Wesson	2.00	1350	1053	320	7.2
108	.38 S&W	125	JHP	Remington	2.00	1160	911	277	7.0
109	.38 S&W	110	JHP	Smith & Wesson	2.00	1380	888	270	6.8
110	.45 LC	230	FJ	Remington	5.00	855	839	255	6.7
111	.45 LC	255	LRN	Winch-Western	7.50	860	821	250	6.6
112	.38 S&W	90	JSP	Smith & Wesson	2.00	1350	975	297	6.5
113	.45 AUTO	230	FJ	Winch-Western	5.00	850	740	225	6.5
114	.44 S&W	246	LRN	Remington	3.00	755	640	195	6.3
115	.38 S&W	125	JHP	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1350	900	274	5.9
116	.38 S&W	158	SWC	Speer	2.00	975	640	195	5.7
117	.38 S&W	125	JSP	Smith & Wesson	2.00	1350	896	273	5.6
118	.38 S&W	158	LRN	Federal	4.00	855	795	242	5.0
119	.38 S&W	158	LRN	Winchester	2.00	855	780	237	4.6
120	.38 S&W	158	LRN	Remington	4.00	855	749	228	4.5
121	.38 S&W	158	LRN	Speer	4.00	975	749	228	4.5
122	.38 S&W	200	LRN	Remington	4.00	730	647	197	4.5
123	.38 S&W	200	LRN	Speer	4.00	850	710	216	4.5
124	.38 S&W	158	LRN	Remington	2.00	855	694	211	4.4
125	.38 S&W	158	LRN	Speer	2.00	975	635	193	4.4
126	.38 S&W	158	LRN	Smith & Wesson	4.00	910	708	215	4.4
127	.38 S&W	158	LRN	Federal	2.00	855	632	192	4.2
128	.38 S&W	200	LRN(Lubaloy)	Western Sup-X	4.00	730	626	190	4.2
129	.38 S&W	200	LRN	Speer	2.00	850	598	182	4.1
130	.38 S&W	200	LRN(Lubaloy)	Western Sup-X	2.00	730	592	180	4.1
131	.38 S&W	158	SWC	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1060	875	266	4.0
132	.38 S&W	158	SWC	Smith & Wesson	2.00	850	870	265	4.0
133	.38 S&W	200	LRN	Remington	2.00	730	593	180	4.0
134	.380 AUTO	95	FJ	Western Sup-X	3.86	955	948	288	4.0
135	.38 S&W	158	LRN	Smith & Wesson	2.00	910	626	190	3.5
136	.38 S&W	125	JHP	Smith & Wesson	2.00	1350	716	218	3.0
137	.38 S&W	158	JSP	Smith & Wesson	4.00	1050	828	252	2.9
138	.38 S&W	158	SWC	Smith & Wesson	2.00	1060	678	206	2.5
139	.22 CAL	37	LHP	Winch-Western	2.00	1365	872	265	2.3
140	.38 S&W	158	JSP	Smith & Wesson	2.00	1050	730	222	2.0
141	.38 S&W	64	Short Stop	MBA	4.00	####	738	224	0.9
142	.38 S&W	64	Short Stop	MBA	2.00	####	671	204	0.4

\* - Advertised Velocity  
#### - Velocity not available

this fact. They cannot be considered relevant in the stopping-power issue since their conclusions are based on results *obtained from testing with irrelevant target mediums*. Normally, the recommendations from such testing do not conform, even remotely, with results that are actually observed in real gunfights. Obviously, something is drastically wrong, and I, for one, choose to believe what actually happens when people shoot each other on the battlefield or street, rather than some test

conducted out of context, using gelatin blocks or clay. I just cannot bring myself to bet my life on such recommendations.

The most recent, and notorious, of such tests were conducted by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA) of the U.S. Justice Department. The testing medium was composed of gelatin blocks, with high-speed X-ray photography of the bullet and resultant temporary wound cavity created by bullet passage. The results, reproduced herein,

assumed that 1. hollow-point bullets that expand in gelatin also expand in human bodies, 2. the temporary wound cavity created at the instant of bullet passage through the target causes incapacitation, and 3. human vulnerabilities are the same from person to person.

First, it is a well-documented fact that hollow-point and soft-point bullets do not reliably expand in humans. Anyone who doubts this is free to examine the approximately 100 bullets I have in my possession that have passed through living organisms, including humans. The discomfiting fact of the matter is that such bullets, although immensely saleable and nice to look at, *only expand about 50 percent of the time!*

Obviously, the choice of a cartridge that requires bullet expansion to be a reliable stopper is potentially fatal to the user of such a cartridge. I will not bet my life on 50 percent odds.

Various attempts to increase bullet velocities to the point where they will reliably expand upon impact, while retaining chamber pressures within safe limits, have created as many problems as they have solved. An excellent example of this theory is the 110/125-grain JHP .357 magnum loads, used in a 2½ or four-inch barreled revolver.

Generally, both of these loads will expand, but in at least 50 percent of the

situations I have seen, they *failed to penetrate far enough into the body to reach vital organs*, because in order to increase bullet velocity while retaining chamber pressures within safe limits, *the weight of the bullet must be reduced*. Reduction in bullet weight means that the *momentum of that bullet, upon impact, is reduced*. In the case of light-bullet JHPs in the 9mm parabellum, .38 Special, .357 magnum and .38 Super, etc., we're looking at a weight reduction of from 15 to 30 percent, and there are increasing numbers of case studies illustrating that light JHP bullets do not reliably penetrate to vital organs. This means that they are just as likely to produce only a gaping surface wound, serving only to antagonize one's opponent further, rather than to incapacitate him.

The second fallacy of the LEAA "tests" is the assumption that the temporary wound cavity created at the instant of bullet passage through the target is critical to target incapacitation. In reality, that cavity collapses within milliseconds of bullet exit from the target, leaving the real cause of incapacitation — the *permanent wound cavity*, i.e., the real amount of permanent damage done to the tissue during bullet passage. This is why the big bore cartridges are superior: *they punch bigger holes*.

The third snafu of the LEAA in their

tests is the assumption that all humans are equally vulnerable. Obviously, this cannot be so, owing to uncontrollables such as target size, weight, water content, health, mental state, nerve sensitivity, and determination, to name just a few. The extrapolation of this erroneous assumption in conjunction with the error in assuming the validity of the temporary wound cavity causing incapacitation was fed into a computer, resulting in garbage results that do not conform to actual observed results in the field.

If a test does not coincide with observed results in the field, it is worthless and should not be regarded seriously. For this reason, all those who understand what stopping power is all about regarded the much-ballyhooed LEAA "revelations" with a collective yawn and threw the summary report in the wastebasket (where it belongs) before it got some poor, less knowledgeable bastard killed!

Recently, cartridges featuring exploding or incendiary bullets have appeared on the scene. I have tested many of these, particularly the VELET type, and found that they serve to get marginal or unsatisfactory cartridges such as the .380 ACP, 9mm parabellum, .38 Special, and .357 magnum up to where they will perform adequately on unprotected targets in the open. Just remember that if that target is behind glass, or even minor cover, those exploding bullets are *not* going to get to him. They are for *specialized use*, as are the MBA "Shortstop" round and Glaser safety slug, and are not suitable for general-purpose employment.

For this reason, it is best to choose a big-bore handgun that you can control, such as the S&W .44 Special, or the best fighting handgun of them all, in my opinion, the M1911 .45 ACP.

The over 1,000 action reports in U.S. Army Ordnance Archives of one-shot stops with this weapon constitute a record that is, to this day, unexcelled. This is the biggest testimonial of all to a gun and cartridge and cannot be ignored. The fact is, the .45 auto works better than anything else we have. According to Hatcher, the .45 auto provides us with an 85 to 92 percent probability of a one-shot stop with a solid body hit. That's 19 out of 20, friend! Nothing known today can exceed that probability, even a caliber .50 MG.

The theories of revolver vs. auto are not within the scope of this article, but anyone who doubts that the big-bore auto is as accurate, reliable, and concealable as a revolver, not to mention being faster in sustained fire, quicker to reload, had better hope that he never comes up against an opponent with one.

LTC Jeff Cooper has created a do-it-yourself-in-your-head scale of stopping power that has much merit, based on the bullet's velocity, its weight, and a bore-

## HATCHER SCALE OF RELATIVE STOPPING POWER

Cartridge	Momentum pounds ft. per second	Sectional Area of Bullet sq. in.	Shape Factor /Bullet Material	Relative Stopping Power (RSP)
.22 LR Outdoor type	.083	.039	1000	3.3
.22 LR High Speed	.097	.039	1000	3.8
.22 LR High Speed Sharp Shoulder	.097	.039	1250	4.7
.25 (6.35mm) ACP	.083	.049	900	3.7
.30 (7.65mm) Luger	.246	.075	900	16.6
.30 (7.63mm) Mauser	.249	.075	900	16.8
.32 (7.65mm) ACP	.147	.076	900	10.0
.32 Smith & Wesson	.118	.076	1000	9.0
.32 S&W Long	.165	.076	1000	12.5
.32 Colt New Police	.164	.076	1100	13.7
.32-20 WCF	.244	.076	1100	20.3
.380 (9mmK) ACP	.177	.102	900	16.2
.38 ACP (Super)	.347	.102	900	31.8
9mm parabellum (Luger)	.288	.102	1000	29.4
.38 S&W	.233	.102	1000	23.8
.38 Colt New Police	.240	.102	1100	27.0
.38 S&W Super Police	.273	.102	1050	29.2
.38 Long Colt	.272	.102	1000	27.7
.38 Special	.302	.102	1000	30.8
.38 SPL Super Police	.338	.102	1050	36.3
.38 SPL High Velocity	.386	.102	1100	43.3
.38-40 WCF	.380	.126	1100	52.6
.41 Long Colt	.305	.129	1050	41.8
.44 S&W Special	.416	.146	1000	60.6
.44-40 WCF	.408	.143	1100	64.2
.45 ACP	.420	.159	900	60.0
.45 Colt	.505	.163	1100	87.4

Note: Minimum "passing" score is 60.0 to insure 19 out of 20 probabilities of one-shot stop with solid torso hit.



fought off a dozen or more terrorists while his wife reloaded. It is a crime that such courageous people receive so little support.

Although Rhodesia is undergoing a period of social change similar to America's experience of the '60s, we did not have the whole world against us, as the Rhodesians do. We did not have to contend with an internal terrorist war. The Rhodesians are entitled to an equal chance. Besides, what alternatives do liberal intellectuals propose to the majority government? The bloody rule of coarse, brutal savages like Nkomo and Mugabe, who must first fight it out between themselves? Nkomo and Mugabe are Marxists, and either would initiate a system similar to the bloody chaos of other Marxist states like Mozambique, Zambia, and Angola. This is the goal of the intellectuals, who think they know what is best for everybody, but are never around where they can get hurt.

The Van Veens left the next morning with their two children, giving me the keys to the safe and liquor cabinet. Me, a total stranger — responsible for their farm, their home, their workers, and their way of life: I didn't sleep very well the next 23 days.

I had three Guard Force troops. Guard Force was a government program, and the African guards were part of the security forces and subject to military discipline. They were trained for three months, I was told, but they sure fooled me.

They wore camouflage fatigues and were armed with G3s, .308 blowbacks, and carried 80 to 100 rounds of ammunition. They were paid \$72 a month, not bad money for people without a trade, and I imagine they enlisted for the money. They also enjoyed their position's authority and the power of carrying a rifle. It was an easy job, since they sat on their butts all day and were completely unsupervised by Guard Force officers, who only showed up once a month on the pay run. Any unsupervised, undisciplined military force begins to deteriorate, and the guards were no exception. It did not take them long to descend to a state of nature, as I was soon to find out.

The problem was compounded by the generally low quality of the guards, evidently recruited from gutters and jails. Many were little more than thugs.

My second day on the job, the most experienced guard, who claimed to have been in a police unit, got drunk in a compound, and then disappeared the next morning before I could catch him. After a search I found him at a beer drink. Then he came down with a recurring case of syphilis and had to be taken frequently to the clinic. Because of Rhodesia's extensive health care system, a week's hospital stay costs an African \$4 to \$5.

He was gone one night when I checked the posts during an alert for terrorist activity on the farm I was guarding. I got rid of him the next morning. That was my introduction to African guards.

Guards sneaking off to drink in a compound were a constant problem. In Africa the women do the work, except on European farms where men are employed as hands, while the men sit in the shade, drink beer, and gamble. For most of my guards, drinking beer was more important than responsibility. I managed to discourage the practice but never tried to eliminate gambling for fear all my troops would defect. Gambling debts are a constant source of grievances and fights among Africans, complicated by drunkenness.

White Rhodesians assumed such discipline problems occurred because Americans did not understand the African's primitive mentality. I still do not fully understand the way Africans think, but discipline problems resulted from lack of supervision, indolence and the generally poor quality of African guards. However, one of my men was quite good and several more like him would have made a good unit. The African of character makes a good soldier.

I was essentially unsupported in my work, and when it came to keeping discipli-



Black Rhodesians, like this woman and child, suffer most from terrorist violence.

line, I sometimes had to get a point across forcefully.

After I had socked one young man for insubordination — a situation that must be handled immediately — local police reservists told me I could be charged with assault for such dreadful behavior. That put me in a difficult position when dealing with immature idiots or thugs. If counseling fairness, and setting an example do not work, then pounding on heads often does. In the American Army an order is an order, not just an interesting suggestion, and I did not feel it incumbent upon me to modify centuries of military procedure for the benefit of mental and moral cripples.

A foreign officer in Africa, operating on the fringes of the military and the law, must consider himself completely alone. It is a matter of personal survival to maintain order and discipline. Indeed, while I was still working on tobacco farms, a Guard Force officer was shot in the back by his own men. There are times when a shotgun or a cocked .45 is the only law, and the only friend.

For proper counter-terror operations and to keep my guards busy, I immediately initiated patrolling, primarily on foot, during the day and at night.

Warfare, wrote T.E. Lawrence, is the study of communications. The terrorists' communications were the trails between the farm compounds, the roads, and the compounds themselves, which provided terrorists with intelligence, recruits, food, and populations into which they could blend. My object was to deny the terrorists mobility and provisions on the farm for which I was responsible by making the trails and the compound dangerous for them. That meant patrolling through the property during the day, in case terrorists were being fed a distance from the compound, and patrolling through the compound at night.

Groups of sullen, whispering men were one sign of a terrorist presence. Another was a quiet compound on a weekend night. Usually the compounds reverberated with shouts, singing, blaring record players, and drums. A quiet Saturday night compound could mean trouble and required investigation.

I felt that terrorists were being fed from the farm compounds in the area since there seemed to be little food in the nearby Weya Tribal Trust Land. The people there had been told by the terrorists not to grow crops that year. When Long Ridge, a farm just down the road, was burned out, it was discovered that the terrorists had been fed there for three months.

I had to restrict my operations to the farm I was responsible for, and was later told that my efforts had kept it from being attacked.





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Author, on top of truck, patrolling during stay on Klipspringer Ranch. Early morning cold required use of heavy parka. Vehicle had blast-deflecting shields under vehicle, roll bars for mines.

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Author drilled his force to develop sense of pride, discipline. Man with FN was a top marksman.

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Author, far right, with poorly armed, equipped security force described in article. One man had FN FAL, one had G-3 and the rest carried Enfields.

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Tobacco barn and sheds on a farm near the Weya Tribal Trust Lands, showing the results of a brush fire assumed started by poachers.

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There was definitely terrorist activity all around. I was working in the same area, next to the Weya Tribal Trust Land, a terrorist sanctuary, that Mike Williams had worked with his colored troops. They gave the poor man grey hair, said the Van Veens. I could understand.

One night at about 6:30 p.m., while I stood in the farm doorway, I saw tracers arcing into the sky to the east. I reported it, and then heard the anguished voice of a woman calling for help over the alert system. A farm family returning from the Virginia Club had been ambushed and a 15-year-old girl killed.

The next night Long Ridge Farm was burned out when the owner was away. The Van Veens had returned that day.

"Welcome back," I said.

The next week I continued to work for them, since they were both on reserve police duty. A police reserve vehicle was ambushed, burned, and the driver hit with AK fire several times not far from where the girl had been killed.

Two days later, another police vehicle hit a mine which flipped and rolled it, but the driver, the only occupant, was unhurt save for a dislocated thumb probably caused by the whipping steering wheel. Since the vehicle was designed to deflect a mine blast, the only serious damage was a wheel mangled by the blast. The vehicle's V-shaped body obviously protected to oc-

Above: Vumba District, showing rough terrain ideal for terrorists. Office & factory area partially obscured by clouds. Road down the hill had to be cleared for mines, terrors, each day. Right: Daily life reflecting ancient rhythms of pounding grain. Storage hut is in the background.



Typical African mud, wattle and thatch hut on Klipspringer Ranch, site of author's first job.



Winnowing grain in age-old fashion. In spite of terrorist activity, life tries to maintain a feeling of normalcy.

cupants — a passenger in an unprotected vehicle usually dies when it hits a mine.

The mine had been set more cleverly than most, with a few grenades added. Often mines were buried upside down, and terrorists had been known to jump up and down on freshly buried mines to pack the earth.

The Rhodesians have a number of vehicles, cleverly designed adaptations, put together with a minimum of funds and resources. I often wondered what they could accomplish with what the American military throws away or gives to most of the world's dictatorships.

During a Sunday afternoon patrol with one of my guards, we caught six poachers in the act. Poachers were extremely destructive to game in Rhodesia, often using wire snares they rarely checked, leaving animals to die a slow death or as helpless prey to predators. These six had been catching *duiker*, small antelope-like creatures, with long volley-ball-like nets made from stolen tobacco string. Five of them were employed on the property and one was employed as a compound guard.

I found 24 cruel wire snares on one farm. Cattle often were trapped by tight wire snares around their legs and many pets ended up in poachers' traps.

I have little doubt that poachers started a fire that burned about 3000 acres on three farms. Fortunately, there was no crop damage since the harvest had been gathered some time before, but the flames came within 200 yards of the Van Veens' house, right next to the tobacco seedling beds.

About that time I was asked to lead a stick (five to six men) of Guard Force. A few weeks before, I had proposed putting together a stick of Americans to hunt terrorists and act as a quick-reaction force. It would also allow a stick of farmers who otherwise would have had reserve duty a week at a time to tend to their farms during the busy planting season. It would cost only \$30 a month to field such a unit.

They liked the idea, and I was told to recruit "some of your bloody Americans." The people I talked with said they were interested, for \$500 a month, since they were already making that. The farmers were appalled and would pay only \$400 a month, a shame since my headhunters were some of the best soldiers in Africa.

The farmers told me to cool it with Americans and to work with a stick of Guard Force. I would also have to join the police reserves for legal protection and military support and that would take six weeks. I had to be attested or cleared, evidently a tedious process. Since all I had to do to enlist as a special constable was to sign a piece of paper, which would take only a few minutes, I thought something was funny.

During the slow time of the year —

August to September — when the seedlings were growing, Rhodesian farmers often took their vacations. It was easier to find work as a bright light then. In October, there was a waiting list of people looking for security positions.

The Van Veens returned the middle of September to find their farm still standing, and that job was over. After a last week at Van Veens and then a weekend on another farm while the family was away on a holiday, I went to Salisbury for three days.

There weren't many bright-light jobs around and I didn't have the funds to wait six weeks without work, so I called Armaguard and was hired over the phone when they heard I had been in the U.S. Army.

I was to leave the next day for a post in the eastern highlands. I spent two weeks at a tea estate working with another security officer to keep the usual gaggle of scum sober and out of trouble.

The sergeant there was first rate, one of the best soldiers I've ever seen. A few black Rhodesians like him in a stick would have been a pleasure to work with. He was one ass-kicking son of a bitch.

He had a soldierly bearing and was a good disciplinarian, essential in Africa. An officer should be able to work through an NCO in dealing with administrative matters: "Sergeant, this gentleman is annoying me."

"Sah! You bloody munt." Smack.

He was intelligent and liked to laugh. He could drill troops as well as anyone I've seen.

My next job was for eight days on a farm a few miles closer to Macheke. The two guards there resented my intrusion, an interruption of their easy life of sitting on their butts listening to jungle music on their record player. They were so mortified at my suggestion they stay up until 9 p.m. and *patrol* (there might be terrorists out there), they actually started screaming at me. My first impulse was to attract their attention with a rifle butt — but I remembered what I had been told and called the Guard Force commander. Is it actually true, I asked, that I can't touch these fine young savages? That's right, he said. There is nothing you can do.

So I went back to my sullen louts and told them, "Right. If we are attacked tonight I will shoot you people first." That usually does the trick. In the morning they ran down the road to the next farm.

I was transferred to a coffee estate, which I will call "Baboon Bottom," and I was responsible for the security of a 1000-acre, triangle-shaped property three miles from Mozambique. The estate was about half an hour south of Umtali, in hill country, ranging from 3500 to 4500 feet, and covered with tropical jungle.

I was assigned 10 guards and a corporal. Most of them were issued Enfields

with one 10-round magazine and 20 extra rounds. Two had FN's with 80 rounds apiece, but the selector switch stopped at semi-automatic. I had been issued a .308 blowback G-3, that could be fired full auto. The foregrip heated up after 200 rounds, but it wasn't a problem since I never carried more than 100 rounds at a time.

When I first arrived at Baboon Behind, before I even got out of the Land Rover, a guard had to be relieved from the drying-shed post for talking to a girl with the muzzle of his rifle under her chin. That was all I needed — guards who acted like terrorists.

The previous security officer, a Rhodesian, had "gapped it" — taken off — before I arrived. He had been drunk all the time, and it was obvious the guards had not been properly supervised. Their drill was shaky, their weapons indifferently cared for, and there was often a wait of several minutes before a gate was opened. They thought guard duty at night was pulled in their bunks. On the first night op, one of the ambush teams, scared to death, let two people go right by their position. The drying-shed post regularly let people walk past on the road at night.

During my first week there, the S.O. from the other estate managed by the same company drove over to work with me on another night op. He was a Kenyan who had been a machine-gunner in RLI (the Rhodesian Light Infantry). We picked up six curfew-breakers who started to run when the Kenyan yelled, "*Mirai!* (stop)."

It could have been the last thing they ever did, but since I didn't know many of the estate workers yet, we took them to the assistant manager for identification. There were two young men and four girls and he was horrified to learn two of his head clerks had almost been blown away. They also could have gone to jail. As it was he fined them, and they learned a lesson that would keep them alive in the future.

Another night, while the Kenyan patrolled around the compound on a hill, I waited in ambush along a trail that led to the road from the compound, in case he flushed somebody out. He had two of his men with him. They encountered a girl whom they detained temporarily so she wouldn't give them away. One of the guards was detailed to watch her and the S.O. sneaked around listening to conversations of the Africans drinking and talking in their huts. When he returned, the guard and the girl were doing something nasty in the dirt — and they hadn't even been properly introduced.

When we met at the office area later, one of the S.O.'s men was missing. He probably ducked into a hut to spend the night, because he showed up the next

morning with a big grin on his face. We had some real sex commandos.

The night wasn't over yet. When we stopped by the assistant manager's house, I found out the guard on night duty there had been relieved of his post for drunkenness. Several guards had been drinking in a compound that day instead of playing football (soccer). I had taken them there for recreation and P.T. Although I had watched them as they went to their posts, I had detected no excessive inebriation. Jackson, however (not his real name), was drunk as a skunk on two cups of African beer laced with coke.

The assistant manager's wife, Anna, a vivacious redhead, opened the door to a knock. There stood their night guard, soaking wet.

"Why, Jackson, what ever in the world happened to you?"

"I fell in the duck pond, madam, I am drunk." He then fell over on the veranda and got sick. A big, fat, black dog with a taste for regurgitated African beer shuffled over and lapped it up with relish.

"The bloody dog," said Anna, "was the last straw."

On Saturday and Sunday, the compounds rocked like Brother Love's Travelin' Salvation Show with beer drinking, dancing, pounding on drums, fornication, and fistfights. Naturally, my guards wanted to participate, but they were on duty (three months on, 12 days off), so they would have to wait. I let them get some beer at the compounds a couple times but they couldn't handle it in a mature fashion, so I ended that.

Terrorists liked their beer too, so I always patrolled weekends in hope of catching some in a compound.

One Saturday evening, I drove down the hill to the office in an old Peugeot pickup where I could park and continue on foot to the three compounds, where I usually waited in ambush near the fenced-in compound. The two guards posted at the office/factory were gone. I had to drive back up the hill and get the day guards to replace them. The factory contained concrete vats for soaking coffee beans during the several processing steps between picking and the ready-to-be-ground dried product.

The compound nearest the office was very quiet for Saturday night, which could mean a terrorist presence, so I patrolled through it with the corporal and a guard. We didn't turn up anything and eventually returned to our quarters. I was so tired the terrors could have crawled through the bloody windows before I would have paid any attention.

About 4:30 a.m. the corporal woke me. He said there was firing from the office. There sure was — it sounded like the Russians were coming.

We rattled down the hill in the pickup and jumped out just below the office gate. AUGUST/79



Jim Darr, a Marine Corps and 82nd Airborne vet from Arizona, filled Tucker's slot when SOF staffer returned stateside.

I couldn't figure out what the hell was going on for a minute. There was a lot of shooting from the factory building, and the Guard Force at a store 600 meters away were firing their G-3s. Then, some rounds zinged over our heads from the left.

While I was talking to the manager on the radio, a guard at the office cut in and said the missing people were "firing at nothing."

Leaving my men where they were, I unlocked the gate and ran toward the factory, hoping I wouldn't stop a stray round or be taken for a terrorist. And there they were, my missing guards, drunk, hysterical, mudcovered, and running back and forth between the concrete vats firing their Enfields into the air. I put a stop to that, and the other firing died away.

The guards had left their post, spent the night drinking in the compound, and returned shortly after 4 a.m. The replacement guards had orders to fire at anyone near the fence, so they did. The drunks, thinking (I use the term loosely) they had been fired upon, managed to climb over the fence near the factory and, crazed

with fear and beer, began shooting up the district. It officially came to be known as The Battle of Baboon Behind.

Two sticks of the Rhodesian Light Infantry drove up after things quieted down, and I sent them home. Then I went to deal with my guards.

"Corporal, you take that one, and I'll take this one."

"Sah!" Smack, thump, groan.

We worked over the drying-shed turkeys who had fired over our heads at noises 1000 meters away. One resigned. He was looking for an excuse anyway. That was fine with me since he was the chicken who let the curfew-breakers go by his position. I needed his FN in more capable hands.

It occurred to me my own guards might be more dangerous to me than the terrorists. They were dangerous to themselves and to other people. One fellow, while "cleaning" his weapon, had fired a round through the roof of the barracks. Another time he had fired a round right by the bedroom window where the assistant manager's wife was taking care of her baby. One of the guards who got drunk and shot up the country had also fired his

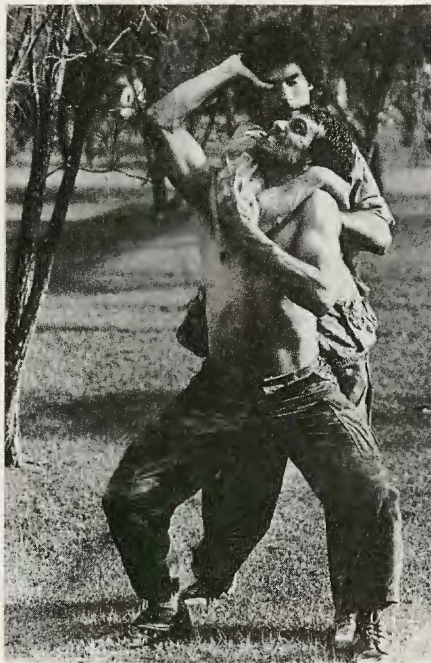
Continued on page 65

# FIGHTING FOR KEEPS

by Rafael Lima



1



2



3



4

*This month, Lima details an effective method for dealing with assailants who attack from behind with a choke hold. Note how each movement opens the way for the other, in a logical sequence.*

**1:** The first order of business is to reopen your air passage. This can be accomplished by turning your neck into the crook of the attacker's arm. It will release pressure on your windpipe and give you needed seconds to work.

**2:** Reach up from behind attacker's shoulder and grab a handful of hair somewhere near the face. This anchors your hand to the eye area and attacker cannot shake it off. Then, with hand still anchored, jam your thumb into attacker's eye. This must be done quickly before assailant pins you to the ground.

**3:** When attacker releases choke, drop your hips and thrust them into attacker's knees, then twist and lift him up and over — the way you'd toss a sack over your shoulder. If throw is done correctly, you can insure a head-first landing by maintaining pressure on assailant's arm during follow through.

**4:** Once attacker is on ground, he can be finished in a variety of ways. Retain your grip on the arm and direct heel kick to temple, sinus, or spleen area. Ribs, kidneys and groin are also good target. Repeat kick as necessary.



But the Model 53 can be really handy as a last-ditch gun carried under a moderately heavy shirt, or even a dress shirt when a suitcoat is worn over the shirt, an arrangement, almost impossible to spot, that might be a real lifesaver for an undercover officer.

The actual holster itself was one of the first factory-produced diagonal-carry models. Rather than a snap-type thumb break, it utilizes a pretty standard safety strap which secures by means of Velcro hook and pile patches. The holster consists of orthopedic elk, a name for a type of conventional leather which resists the effects of body acid. Thinly constructed, its minimum bulk gives maximum concealment. Made to Safariland's usual standards of high quality, at under \$20, the Model 53 is a real bargain for hiding out a small gun. For more information or to order, write Safariland, 1941 S. Walker Ave., Monrovia, CA 91016, U.S.A.

**C**HARTER Arms has apparently always prided itself on making or marketing items that are just a little different. They produce the smallest, lightest steel .38 Special available, the only double-action .44 Special, the only take-down survival rifle (the AR-7) and a combination hatchet, knife and hammer called the "Skatchet."

An excellent little outdoors tool with fitted leather belt sheath, the Skatchet can go anywhere handily and even be carried in an automobile glove compartment. No handle is provided, because the Skatchet is threaded for use with a green stick of appropriate diameter — hence, a smaller, easier-carry package. This might make the Skatchet a little impractical in the Arctic or in the desert, but for most practical field uses in normal surroundings it is well suited. Coated black to guard against rust, the Skatchet is sturdy, compact, and too reasonable to go without. Retail is under \$20 and the combined utility of a knife edge that converts to a hatchet plus a hammer (driving tent stakes, etc.) cannot be ignored. For more information, write Charter Arms at 430 Sniffens Lane, Stratford, CT 06497, U.S.A.

**1**980 will bring national election campaigns for important seats in Congress and the Presidency. It is well to plan ahead. The American people seem increasingly to be left with two choices in presidential elections — a flaming Liberal or a somewhat conservative Moderate. For the thinking man or woman, the choice is obvious. For "Liberal" has ceased to mean those who think liberally, those who work for intelligent change. As the term can now too often be defined, a Liberal is a proponent of big government, the systematic invasion of privacy, the

dehumanization of society and the death of individualism — all in the name of what's good for us. Rather like a robber who wants to ease us of the burden of carrying large sums of money. And just about as sensible. This new Liberal may well think he or she is doing the best thing for society, but that doesn't excuse the result. All too often Americans vote for people for the wrong reasons. I recall reading years ago that voter studies had indicated that people chose Eisenhower over Stevenson because of smiles, degree of baldness, and other insane substitutes for reason.

In that case, I approved the result but despised the means by which it came about. Intelligent voting based on an understanding of the real issues is of paramount importance in the next election. Hopefully, reason will prevail, but the track record isn't too encouraging.

Let's start a campaign to prove Jerry Ahern wrong. Let's use our minds when selecting candidates and when voting — this time at least.



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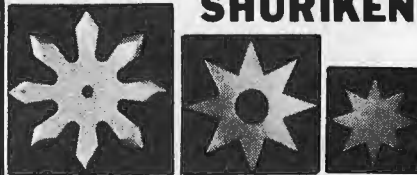
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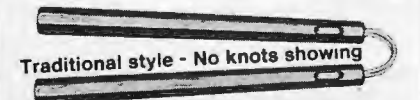


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# ALABAMA SHOOTOUT

INSIDE LOOK AT A RIFLE,  
PISTOL, SHOTGUN MATCH

James R. Corley & Gil Rickles



Making target shooting more interesting is a problem most small, private, locally-run firing ranges encounter at some point in their development. Mechanical or

electric pop-up figures, and the personnel to run and maintain them, are beyond their reach. In Montgomery, Alabama, however, Scott Gilder, operator of G&M

Range, and Tom Wilkinson, owner of Delta Arms, designed, laid out and held competitions on a course that cost more sweat and time than anything else, yet drew contestants from three states.

Although the course lacks sophistication when compared to many military and law enforcement facilities, rigorous planning and careful execution of the three weapons classes — assault rifle, shotgun, and handgun — by organizers provided competitors with a challenging course of fire on 31 March 1979.

The three timed courses involved moving over rough terrain, reloading on the move, and shooting up, down and



Above: Wide variety of weapons were used in rifle match. Note AR-15, Lee-Enfield and Heckler & Kochs. Right: Colt .45 automatics were predominant handguns used. Pistol course was timed; shooter was penalized two-tenths of a point for every second over time-limit.

through cover at changing ranges. Prior to each trial event, competitors walked through the course, while officers explained ground rules and scoring and offered recommendations for the upcoming competition, the result of lessons learned during preliminary course testing. Each group of competitors got a safety check before firing.

The handgun match, second event of the day, proved the most challenging course of fire. It and the shotgun match followed trails laid out around the range. Briars, limbs, and logs were left in the path along the pistol course, and firers ran from one position to the next with weapon holstered.

The course started on a low ridge, crossed down through brush and briars up to Station 1. Here competitors fired two shots at each of three partially-concealed B-27 silhouette targets, two of which were relatively close and one which was downhill about 20 yards away.

They then holstered their weapons, ran from the station to another ridge, through brush, trees, and fallen debris to Station 2, located on top of a low hill, where they fired two shots downhill at each of three partially concealed silhouette targets at ranges of 20 to 40 yards.

Firing complete, shooters again holstered their weapons, ran along the ridge and over a bank with a sheer drop of nearly 20 feet down a dirt slide to the last station. One local shooter dislocated his shoulder at the slide and was taken to the hospital. He later returned to the range, but was too sore to complete the course.

At Station 3, the competitor fired two shots each at four partially concealed targets at ranges from 15 to 65 yards, the first target at 15 yards level, the next three at increasing elevations and distances.

Having completed fire, the shooter again holstered and ran to the final timer, an additional 40-yard sprint. Course time limit was one minute 40 seconds. Every second overtime cost 2/10s of a point, and many contestants scored overtime, due to difficult physical terrain.

Arms included Browning autos and some .357 magnum revolvers; Colt .45 autos predominated.

The final event, the shotgun course, was laid out in a real jungle. Because of dense undergrowth, no spectators were permitted. Firers ran along a narrow path in dense woods to Station 1 where they fired five shots (buck shot only), off-shoulder, at five bowling pins at ranges of 20 to 25 yards. Pins had to fall, not just be hit.

The contestants continued downhill, through a steep, muddy gully, across a small stream, and up a steep incline to Station 2, where they shoulder-fired five

## COMBAT MATCH WINNERS

CONTESTANT	RIFLE	PISTOL	SHOTGUN	TOTAL
1. Kirchner	48.9-8(7.2)	104.0-8.0(8.0)	70.0-8.0(8.0)	222-24.0(23.2)
2. Wilkinson	49.0-6(5.0)	111.0-7.5(5.3)	60.0-8.0(8.0)	222-21.5(18.3)
3. McLemore	45.0-3(3.0)	98.0-6.0(6.0)	63.0-8.0(8.0)	205-17.0(17.0)
4. Gilder	45.0-3(3.0)	98.0-5.5(5.5)	52.0-7.0(7.0)	195-15.5(15.5)
5. Wilson	40.0-4(4.0)	114.0-6.5(4.2)	62.0-7.0(7.0)	216-17.5(15.2)
6. Quincy	45.0-2(2.0)	109.0-6.5(4.6)	57.0-7.0(7.0)	211-15.5(13.6)
7. Chadwick	49.0-6(5.2)	120.0-7.0(3.0)	70.0-4.0(4.0)	239-17.0(12.2)
8. Pinkston	46.0-2(1.6)	109.0-5.0(3.2)	61.0-7.0(7.0)	216-14.0(11.8)
9. Patterson	65.0-4(0.0)	102.0-6.0(5.6)	90.0-5.0(5.0)	257.15.0(10.6)
10. Campbell	48.0-1(0.4)	130.0-3.5(0.0)	94.0-8.0(6.0)	272- 8.4( 8.4)

Scoring Example: 48.9-8(7.2)

48.9 = overall score

8 = raw score

7.2 = score after penalty

### WINNING TEAM

Delta Paramilitary Team

Team Members: Wilkinson, McLemore, Gilder, Hart

Team scores for the three-gun match were the combined points of those individuals firing as a unit. Other teams beside Delta Paramilitary included U.S. Army 11th Special Forces Team, Fort Benning, Georgia; Air Force 16th Special Operations Squadron Team, Fort Walton, Florida; and a civilian team from Montgomery, Alabama.



Winners of the Soldier of Fortune Team Trophy from left to right: Price McLemore, Charles Hart, Scott Gilden and Tom Wilkinson.

shots at five pins at ranges from 30 to 35 yards. One move was required to see all targets clearly.

Firing complete, the shooter cleared the course before the next competitor started. Timing continued until he reached the timing station. One minute 25 seconds was allowed with the same overtime penalty as the handgun course. Reloading on the run was permitted between Stations 1 and 2.

Buckshot was required, with loads ranging from number four to .00, depending on which patterned best. Mossberg, Ithaca, Stevens, and Remington shotguns ranged from riot guns to standard field models.

The rifle match, first course of the day, due to scoring time and distance, proved the most static event. Shooters started the 150-meter course standing, their weapons fully loaded on the ground. On command,

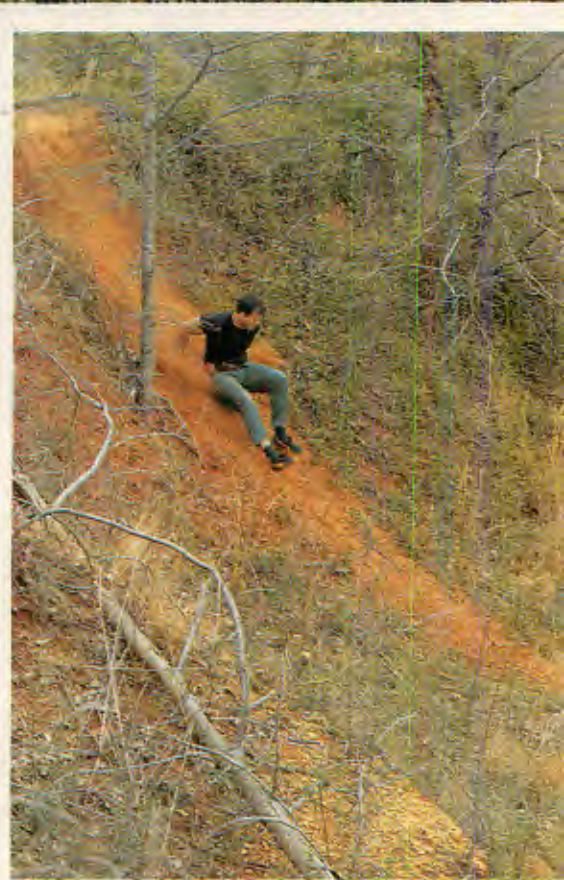




Above: Competitor engages targets from middle of briar patch. Ingenuity in course layout more than made up for lack of mechanical sophistication.

Right: One shooter dislocated shoulder while moving or sliding between firing positions. All guns were holstered while moving.

Below: Shotgun course required contestant to engage five bowling pins at 20 yards off-shoulder; five pins at 30 yards from the shoulder.



each shooter picked up his weapon, fired two rounds each from offhand, kneeling, sitting and prone. He finished by firing two rounds from any position, weak-handed. Then he reloaded and time was called. Allowed firing time was 45 seconds.

The most varied assortment of weapons appeared in the rifle-fire match, ranging from AR-15s, M1 carbines, M14s and 16s, to a Lee-Enfield and an H & K 91 and 93.

Competitors included members of the U.S. Marine Corps, C1 Force Recon; U.S. Army, C2 Special Forces; and Air Force, C3 Special Operation Squad, as well as active and reserve law enforcement officers, veterans, private citizens, and one young lady, Susan Hart of Montgomery.

First place trophy in the three-gun meet went to Archie Kirchner of Ft. Walton, Florida. Second, third and fourth place trophies went to Tom Wilkinson, Price McLemore and Scott Gilder, all of Montgomery. Winners also received one-year subscriptions to *Soldier of Fortune* magazine.

The *Soldier of Fortune* team trophy was won by the Delta Arms Combat team, consisting of Tom Wilkinson, Price McLemore, Scott Gilder and Charlie Hart.

Although a difficult, tough course, its

careful planning by Gilder, one of the partners of G&M Range where the competition was held, and Wilkinson resulted in a safe meet that was scored quickly and fairly.

More matches are planned for summer and fall; anyone interested in participating, or setting up their own inexpensive fire-and-movement combat-type assault course, may contact G&M Range, Highway 110, Merry, AL, phone (205) 277-7572, or Delta Arms, 3388 Norman Bridge Road, Montgomery, AL 36105, phone (205) 269-1742.



Continued from page 59

weapon accidentally on two occasions, although they were never supposed to have a round in the chamber unless on patrol or in the event of a possible contact.

In addition, an Enfield's magazine release is inside the trigger housing and can be difficult to operate, causing a finger to slip down to the trigger. I was always inspecting weapons for a round in the chamber as well as lack of care — a good thing, as it turned out.

One night we approached the drying shed post while patrolling, and I carefully identified myself with a whistle signal as I had done many times before. No answer. While we walked around the fence to the gate, I continued to signal but received no acknowledgement. For once there was bright moonlight, so I opened the gate and walked toward the shed, knowing I could be identified visually. A terrorist wasn't likely to have a key or to walk right in, either. Certain I was going to catch the turkeys sleeping, I suddenly heard rounds being chambered in an Enfield and an FN. Oh shit!

I flicked on the flashlight and yelled at the idiots to put their weapons down. That was too close. If their rounds had been chambered, I would have had no warning. They hadn't even challenged me. Although we had gone through the same drill over and over, and I usually checked their post in the same manner, it didn't matter. They were easily frightened and had decided I was a terrorist.

Although the guards liked realistic training — fire and maneuver with live rounds and a jungle course with targets hidden in the bushes — some of them would never catch on. After weeks of drills, training, and practice, half of them still could not use their weapons properly. They performed their duties in a military manner from fear of a rifle butt in the face, not because of any concept of responsibility. If they wanted to get drunk when I took them into town, then they drank themselves sick regardless of the consequences. Sometimes even the threat of punishment wasn't enough.

Still, I had two good men who listened to what I was teaching, and by the time I left, they were good soldiers. They worked with me on many patrols and I trusted my life to them — I can't say more for a man than that. I would give their names, but because the political future of Rhodesia is uncertain (since the Carter administration wants to see a communist government there), I don't want to put them in jeopardy.

Continued on page 86

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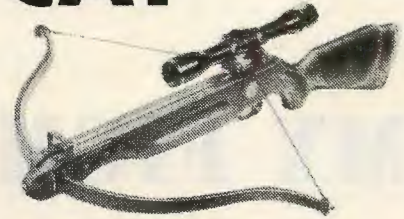
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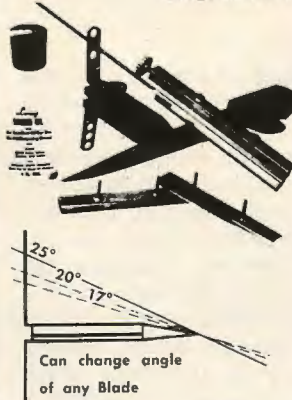
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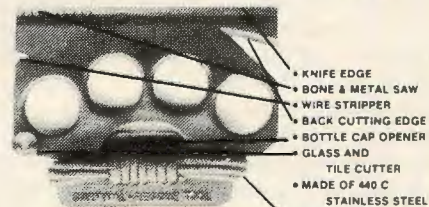
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# MY FIGHT AGAINST FIDEL

## PART 2—CONCLUSION

by Tony Cuesta

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*(Part One disclosed start and progress of the fatal 33rd mission to the point of ambush off the Havana shoreline, as a four-barrel .50 caliber machine gun opened fire on Cuesta's assault craft, 200 yards away.)*

**F**IRE on that piece," I yelled at Guillermo. He had anticipated my instructions and was already shooting the first magazine, from behind the engine covers. The machine-gun man ashore obstinately maintained his angle of fire. I understood, then. Whoever had installed the gun had not considered a target being closer than 200 yards. We were under the gun's minimum level of fire.

Guillermo silenced the machine gun with his second magazine from our FAL. Inland a battle raged. I took advantage of the brief respite Guillermo had earned for us and started both engines, but we still could not move until we rescued the men ashore. Our walkie-talkie was silent; there were more and more flares, and the continuous staccato bark of machine-gun fire on shore.

Suddenly we saw Eugenio and Roberto running through the underbrush at the water's edge. They stopped frequently to fire at their pursuers. At the same time, we saw a group of about 12 men crawling from the machine-gun position we had silenced, in an effort to intercept our two men. Guillermo fired methodically, four- and five-shot bursts, not wasting a single shot, like a seasoned veteran. The men who were trying to cut down Eugenio and Roberto retreated, leaving some casualties. Eugenio and Roberto by then had made it to the reefs. In the confusion I saw them activate the rockets and then a four-barrel machine gun spoke again, with the bullets still flying over our heads.

After what seemed an eternity, our men slipped into the water, searching for the raft.

That was what I had been waiting for. I leaped over the windshield and slashed the anchor line with one chop of my heavy knife, then jumped back behind the controls. The men now were clinging to the raft. As I did not see Herminio and Armando, I presumed they were able to get inland, or were dead or captive. Now my foremost concern was the rescue of my other two men. I pressed the throttle lever and the boat lurched ahead. The nylon rope that tied the raft to us became as taut as a guitar string. If the enemy had not been so close, we could have continued towing them at a speed as fast as they could have endured and still stayed on the raft. But in full retreat, under a deluge of gunfire, which increased as more and more troops arrived at the scene, I concluded that such a slow pace would mean the death of us all.

I made a drastic decision. "Guillermo, cut the rope!"

He dropped the FAL and unsheathed his knife, then looked at me and told me with his eyes, "You're killing them."

"I said cut it!" I shouted. The nylon rope parted and sank into the dark waters.

Free of our burden, I was able to maneuver without fear of tangling the rope around our props. I accelerated to full throttle with our 420-horsepower vessel, lifted our bow towards the sky like a rearing mustang, and as I made the 180-degree turn towards shore I couldn't help smiling. If Guillermo had been shocked when I ordered him to cut the rope, what must have been going through the minds of Eugenio and Roberto when they found themselves seemingly cruelly abandoned to the mercy of the enemy.

I made full speed back to where my men were floating on the raft. They immediately scrambled aboard and I once again hurled the boat forward, under a veritable hail of lead, trying to skirt closely to shore, heading towards the Comodoro and away from the four-barreled machine gun.

As we sped away, barely 50 yards from shore, my mind raced as I struggled to analyze our situation. The Communist government had declared a state of emergency a few days ago. The action we were in took place, not in a remote area, but in the populated, formerly aristocratic neighborhood of Miramar. By this time, all military forces would have been alerted, especially the air force and coast patrol — and the accursed moon kept shining, brighter than ever. As I sped westward, I could see over the bow a constellation of lights from fishing vessels along Baracoa beach. If I maintained course, I would have to pass by Barlovento, the location of a gunboat base. If I were able to sneak by, I would still have to deal with the fishing boats, and even if I could avoid them, where could I find refuge along the coast? If we saw daylight in Cuban waters, there would be no possible escape. I had only one choice: head to the open sea towards the shipping lanes and the area patrolled by the U.S. Navy.

In front of Mariano Beach, I veered sharply towards the northwest and hoped our pursuers would begin their search for us due north from the drop zone. I handed the controls to Guillermo and, overcome with anxiety and a feeling of impotency, asked Eugenio what happened ashore to Herminio and Armando? Had they escaped?

Roberto answered first, "When you were towing the raft, I lost the M3." AUGUST/79

"To hell with the M3. What happened to the walkie-talkie? Why didn't you use it?"

"We didn't have the chance."

Eugenio gave more details. "Following your instructions, we followed them 200 meters, towards Fifth Avenue. From there, they walked on while we watched their rear. Just as we decided to head back, we heard the first shots and then grenade explosions. Afraid of falling into an ambush, we advanced a few meters and almost ran into a platoon that was heading towards the beach. The shots had stopped, so I assumed they had been fired at Herminio and Armando as they headed toward town. I thought they had gotten away and that the soldiers were now searching for us. Thanks to Roberto, his M3 and a few grenades, we were able to hold them back. You saw the rest from the boat. When the rope broke, my testicles disappeared inside me."

"It didn't break, you damned fool, I cut it," Guillermo said with a smile.

I took over the controls in a calmer mood. My responsibility now was to get us to where the fishing boat would be waiting for us. But I still wondered about the men we had put ashore.

Later, much later, I learned their fate. Partly through comments made by the Cuban investigators who interrogated me, the local press, and later at the trial, I was able to piece together what had happened to them. Ironically, the most detailed account came from two of the men who actually fought against us that night — they later became prisoners along with us, at the Principe Fortress, and they gave us a full account of what had happened.

A great number of soldiers had been assigned to the area of Monte Barreto to stand guard against

possible attack from the sea. Instead of gathering at the strategic points, they had gone to Fifth Avenue to flirt with the coeds who lived nearby. Their negligent behavior helped our mission's initial stages. If they had been at their posts, our frogmen would have detected them and at worst we would have had an exchange of gunfire before we abandoned the area. But the absence of soldiers allowed Herminio and Armando to reach the cluster of trees bordering Fifth Avenue, undetected.

And as I had assumed, the presence of our boat did not go undetected, but our lights and our relaxed manner convinced a guard at the Comodoro that our boat was friendly and he did not sound an alarm. As proof of this, we were anchored in the

same spot for over one hour before being attacked.

To our ill fortune, another guard watched Herminio and Armando enter the nearby woods and casually attempt to cross Fifth Avenue, after which they would have been safe. He believed them to be comrades trying to escape their tedious duty. His initial thought was to ignore them, but then his mind turned to the reward for his watchfulness. He fired over their heads. That was our alarm signal.

Alerted by the shots, a group of soldiers strolling along the avenue noticed the two infiltrators as they attempted to cross the road. The soldiers ordered them to halt. Our two men backed against trees and opened fire with their pistols. A few soldiers answered the

fire and the rest ran for cover on the other side of the street. These were the shots that convinced Eugenio and Roberto that their friends had reached the safety of the city area.

The gunfire also attracted attention to our position, and a crew opened up on us with the machine gun. Another group of soldiers circled around Herminio and Armando to cut them off. The two were forced to lie prone and try to hide in the undergrowth. Although surrounded, they were still hidden, and reinforcements were brought in to help search.

Two patrol cars arrived and a demand was made that our men surrender. Their answer was a burst of gunfire. More patrol cars and more troops arrived. It was a veritable army firing against two valiant men, who by now must have been wounded by the heavy fire against them.

Traffic was blocked off from the Almendares River to Marinao Beach. Loudspeakers offered them their lives if they



Questa and wife Carmen now live quietly in southern Florida.

surrendered. Again they refused. The arrival of officers to the scene prompted the besiegers to tighten the circle. Grenades repelled their advance, and again the demand was made for surrender. The reply was the same, and the battle continued for over one hour. Herminio and Armando never surrendered.

A Communist newspaper reporter wrote in a column, "Upon the forehead of one of the infiltrators could be seen a golden reflection..." It was Herminio's crucifix. His last effort in this world was to grace his brave countenance.

Later, the Cuban television program, "Sector Forty," showed the mobilization of the Cuban navy, air force and army that engaged in that "Battle of Monté Parreto." They didn't report that their opponents consisted of two men — two heroes.

As we continued our full-speed flight, I turned on the dashboard lights for a few seconds to check the tachometer. I slowed to 3,500 rpms and continued on a north-west course. Aft, we could barely distinguish the lights of the Havana shoreline. Although it was imperative to leave the area as fast as possible, I was afraid that red-lining the engines for a long period of time would blow them and leave us helpless. Then an aircraft began dropping flares.

I ordered our equipment checked. We had not taken on any water, which indicated that if we had been hit it was above the flotation line. I burned with the desire for news of the men we had dropped ashore as my mind raced back and forth between their plight and ours.

Then I saw clearly in front of us the familiar running lights of two Russian-built torpedo boats, coming from the east, trying to cut us off. I stopped the boat to see if we had been sighted. We had and we were still more than 14 miles from international waters. I was sure they could see us as well as we could see them. Suddenly, they slowed to a crawl and turned off their lights. I looked up at the sky, not beseeching divine help, but searching for a single, miserable cloud that might hide the moon, if even for a few minutes, while we sped northward. The sky was as empty of clouds as our boat was of heavy weapons.

Pictures of death and bizarre, unrelated thoughts racked my mind. I'm like a bull-fighter, at this point, who dies in his last corrida. Why didn't the new engines arrive on time ... god damn filthy international politics ... immoral laws ... we are defenseless ...

I slammed my fist on the control panel, and it cleared my head. Now to find a solution. Our boat had a maximum 40-knot speed. The Russian boats could do 50. On a sea this calm it was impossible to escape through speed. On a rough sea, our small, compact craft could have held a cruising speed superior to the torpedo boats, which have an almost flat bottom and are more fragile. A good chop would have

presented an insurmountable obstacle to their artillery fire.

I quickly compared the firepower of each unit. They had four 25mm automatic guns mounted aft; on their bow they had two duplex pieces similar to a .50 caliber. There were two machine guns on each port and starboard, equivalent to a 30.06, for a total of 10 automatic, heavy guns, manned by eight men. Our arsenal consisted of our FAL, an M1 carbine, a 12-gauge shotgun, my Browning pistol, and four grenades.

Our only advantage lay in our boat's maneuverability and in our determination to fight to the end. "You have to bluff these bastards," I thought, and decided to try a rather unusual maneuver.

"Guillermo, go astern and get behind the engine covers." In his hands, he still held the automatic rifle that he had so efficiently used earlier.

"Eugenio, go forward and see what you can do with the M1."

I instructed Roberto to go astern to the port side, with a grenade. I placed my 12-gauge shotgun next to me, and wedged a grenade in the control panel.

After killing their lights, the torpedo boats had maintained their interception course, intent on cutting off our northward escape. Now they slowed and seemed reluctant to take an aggressive initiative. This favored my plans.

I swerved our bow and headed directly toward the torpedo boats. "Don't fire until we are in position!"

I rammed the throttle forward and we surged ahead like a gigantic torpedo toward our enemy and still they continued to passively offer us their sides without showing any aggressiveness, although we expected at any moment the murderous orange glow of their tracers flying to destroy us.

The distance that separated us seemed to disappear fast. Five-hundred meters; 400, three. For an instant I thought of holding our course and running straight through the front torpedo boat — not a bad ending. Then it was 100 meters, and at less than 50 meters from the trailing boat, I veered sharply to starboard.

Our port side came so close to their starboard that Guillermo's FAL rammed against it and the weapon was knocked from his hands, but not overboard. The spray from our turn completely engulfed the enemy boat, and I remembered thinking that as dramatic as our gesture must have looked to our foes, my secret weapon had failed, we had so much momentum going into our turn that the grenade Roberto threw flew over the enemy and harmlessly exploded in the sea.

I held course, and staying beneath their line of fire, I surprised the second torpedo boat before it had the chance to alter direction. We managed to squeeze off a few rounds as we went by, and still there was no enemy return fire.

For a few seconds, we traveled in opposite directions. Then I swung northward again, thinking that we had surprised them and won precious time, but in doing so they had to notice we had practically no firepower. I knew they would become more dangerous when they learned of their absolute superiority.

"They're gaining on us!" screamed Eugenio. They were quickly shortening our lead, and we could now see them starting to man their artillery. Once they got close enough, we would be cut to ribbons.

I made a 180-degree turn and once again sailed toward the enemy at full speed. I was trying to get as close to them as possible in order to stay under their final active line of fire. Our FAL, used almost point-blank, had hardly any reason to miss its few remaining shots.

We tried our trick again, and this time the grenade bounced off the steel deck and exploded again in the sea. I decided the maneuver was getting old, but the attempt had been worthwhile.

If only one of the two grenades had had a lucky score, the combat would have been turned more in our favor. Not far above us the aircraft again dropped flares into the night. A fearful, or inexperienced, crew dropped them from such an altitude that they were totally ineffective — and totally unnecessary, as the full moon revealed our position to the enemy.

I continued my tactics of zigzagging to and from our pursuers, as the only means of neutralizing their superior speed. We were actually gaining a few meters at a time, always northward. But how long our miraculous luck would hold out I did not dare to speculate.

Then I heard sharp, crackling sounds to my left, turned my head, and saw our windshield was shattered by gunfire. Their gunners had opened fire. I looked back to where I had last seen Guillermo firing his FAL, and could not help the agonizing shiver that ran through me like ice and fire at the same time.

"Roberto, go look at Guillermo. What the hell is wrong with him?"

Our youngest man was on his knees, face down against the deck, his rifle lying next to him. Roberto examined him. "He's dead."

"Take the controls!" There wasn't much time, but I had to be sure. Guillermo had died instantly. A bullet, almost spent, had perforated his forehead and lodged in his brain. Guillermo had fulfilled his oath to the old, dead general; he had fought to the end.

I returned to the controls and Eugenio now had the FAL. I wanted our next pass to be slower, to give us more time for accurate fire. As we swerved by, Eugenio, Guillermo's inseparable friend, stood full height on the seat in front of the controls. His broad back formed a black outline against the night sky, and I thought he must be crazy to expose himself like that.

As soon as we had crossed the enemy fire and I had a free hand, I grabbed my shotgun and butted Eugenio sharply on the shoulder.

"Get down, fool! Why do you want them to kill you!"

His answer was to turn toward the enemy, now behind us, shaking his fists: "Bastards, bastards, bastards!"

Our automatic rifle was now empty. We had only a few rounds left for the M1; Roberto and I each had a grenade and Eugenio now held the shotgun.

Then, in a turn, the inevitable happened; two projectiles destroyed our outdrives, went through the thick transom plate, smashed into and disabled our Chryslers. Fire from the tracers ignited the spilled gas and instantly the engine compartment was ablaze. Roberto rushed to our powerful fire extinguisher, but I stopped him.

"Leave that," I told him, and he calmly looked at me and understood.

"Eugenio, cut the gas lines!" I meant to accelerate the fire to insure that our craft did not land in enemy hands as a war trophy. Flames leaped high and their orange and blue light illuminated the night. I looked at the two men and read in their faces their determination not to surrender. I gave the last order.

"Stand up and keep your hands under the rail. With this fire aboard, if we make ourselves visible and vulnerable, they'll believe we're surrendering. When they get close enough, Eugenio and I will open fire. Roberto, you will throw your grenade and make sure you don't miss this time." He smiled at me.

Now we were quiet. Our nerves about to explode, we watched as one torpedo boat slowly approached us. We could not see the other boat. Later we discovered that our last FAL fire had seriously damaged it, and it had been necessary to tow it into port.

The enemy vessel continued a cautious approach. It came parallel to our starboard side. We could hear excited voices, and the sound of its mighty diesel engines drowned the roar of our fire. Towards the stern, Eugenio and Roberto waited.

As the torpedo boat came within a few meters of us, I readied myself for what I knew would be my last fight. Like the American patriots at Bunker Hill, I was not going to fire until I saw the whites of their eyes.

Time had stopped for all of us. Then the world exploded. As I raised my shotgun, I heard Eugenio shoot. The moment I squeezed the trigger, a bullet smashed the gun from my hands. I still held a piece of the pump mechanism in my left hand, but my right hand was wounded. The force of impact spun my body to the left, and then I saw Roberto's torn body collapse over the rail. Our boat was riddled, but still floating. Not seeing Eugenio, I considered myself the only survivor, now unarmed and about to fall prisoner.

AUGUST 79

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

By Tom Dunkin

Antonio Cuesta Valle, popularly known as Tony Cuesta, a former comrade-in-arms of Fidel Castro in the revolt against the Batista dictatorship, later rebelled against Castro's Communist dictatorship. Cuesta led an exile group, *Comandos L*, based in Miami. While most exiles fought good battles in words, in the press, Cuesta's group had little publicity until 1963, when an account of one of their daring raids in Cuban waters, against foreign shipping, was published in *Life* magazine, which identified Cuesta as the combat group leader. That incident, involving a Russian freighter, brought Cuesta's unit problems from the U.S. government, due to embarrassment resulting from his violation of the Kennedy-Kruschchev agreements that Kennedy's administration would not support any more exile moves to depose Castro, which followed the October, 1962 missile crisis.

Cuesta, who had formerly cooperated with the U.S., including certain phases of the Bay of Pigs debacle, accepted no accord with either the Castro or Kennedy regimes, and continued to fight until ambushed off the Havana coast in May 1966. That resulted in his being

critically wounded, blinded, and losing his left arm below the elbow. Condemned to death before a Castro firing squad after capture, Cuesta's death sentence later was commuted to 30 years in prison. He was released among the first group of political prisoners freed by Castro for exile into the U.S., last October.

Cuesta now is writing a book about the Cuban exiles' futile efforts against Castro, from which the details of the deaths of four comrades and capture of Cuesta and the other survivor on the mission — Cuesta's 33rd sortie against Castro since 1960 — are excerpted here. During his more than 12 years in prison, Cuesta studied, although blind, aided by his fellow inmates — "We had lots of professors among us" — to enable him to continue his opposition against Cuba's Communist dictatorship. The Belisarius of the Kennedy Cold War does not intend to become a toothless tiger, and his account of his group's part in the Cuban exile opposition to Castro will contain much valuable, and hitherto unrevealed, history of politics and warfare.

Without hesitation I grabbed our last grenade, expecting all the time to be cut down by their gunfire. I spun away from them in the small space that I had, and with my left hand placed the grenade on the portion of the deck that covered the fuel tanks. My wounded right hand removed the pin, and I counted four long seconds with my eyes, curiously, open.

A red blaze was the last sight my eyes ever beheld. The explosion's force threw me up in the air and I landed on my feet. I felt no pain and heard no noise. My entire world was within me. I was alone.

I took a few steps, as if in a drunken stupor, reaching for the rail. A sweet drowsiness overwhelmed me, and I gently eased myself onto the deck surface, perceiving it as a soft cushion.

*I know I am dying. I feel no pain, have no worries. I am only sleepy.* I lay down on my back. The moon, that accursed moon, must still be shining, but I didn't care. I didn't see it any more.

A blast of cold water awoke me. "Who goes there?" I screamed, and was frightened by my own voice.

I heard a voice, from far away. "It's me, Eugenio. Have some water? I am thirsty also, so thirsty."

Eugenio was alive! I felt renewed strength. "What happened to you?" I asked.

"My leg is shattered, and I have a bullethole in my chest. I'm losing a lot of blood."

His words faded further. Sleep again overcame me. I made a last effort. "Goodbye, and good luck, Eugenio. At least we showed them how to fight."

Intense heat awoke me, and faculties slowly returned. The fire had engulfed our boat and we were going to be burned alive. Then I remembered three friends who, months before, refused to abandon their vessel and had burned to death. I had criticized their behavior. If they had jumped into the water, they would have had a better chance of survival. Our situation was different. The water was simply another way to meet death. There were bound to be sharks —

Somehow, I managed to stand up again, and to get to the rail. I yelled at Eugenio, "Jump in the water. It's better to drown than to burn!"

"I can't ... I can't get up. I have no strength."

"Damn you, jump in, *cabron!*" I yelled, and then I jumped. After what seemed

an eternity under water, I surfaced, bumping against a shattered outdrive. I was surprised to feel Eugenio clinging to the other one.

"Our gas tanks should soon explode," I thought ... then faded into unconsciousness.

## EPILOGUE

Thus ended Cuesta's 33rd raiding mission against Castro, and began more than 12 years of imprisonment. Without rancor, with a fatalistic outlook, Cuesta reviewed certain aspects of his counter-revolutionary career in a recent interview in Miami, where he returned as the most distinguished among the first group released by Castro. With him came a bride,

*Carmen, whom he had first met when she was a teen-aged sympathizer toward his underground anti-Castro activity which caused his first exile, in 1960. They were married after his release from prison and before his return to Miami.*

*A vice-president and sales manager with an IT&T affiliate in Cuba before his first exile, Cuesta hopes to return to business, producing a rough-weather boat for which he got a hull-design patent, fruits of his maritime adventures with Comandos L, shortly before his 1966 capture.*

*Cuesta declined an offer to head a prisoner release negotiations committee, after he was freed, but did go to Washington to meet with U.S. Secretary of*

*State Cyrus Vance and recommend a step-up in the number of prisoners to be freed on a monthly basis.*

*Now working on the manuscript of the book about exile action against Castro, Cuesta has already completed, but has not offered for publication, a novel entitled Mierde. It deals with a Latin American revolutionary dictator named Benedict, a name inspired by a figure from the American Revolution.*

*His blindness led to the decision to become a writer, Cuesta said. "I decided I have to use my mind; I can no longer use a gun."*



Continued from page 37

This was Smith's moment of truth. He was urged to defy everyone and go down fighting, perhaps even invade Mozambique before the Portuguese settlers left, to create such havoc that the South Africans would be forced to intervene. But despite British propaganda, Smith was not a ruthless fanatic. His police had relentlessly tracked down the few signs of right-wing deviationism in the army (one of the first U.S. volunteers to die in battle was a member of the American Nazi Party). The Rhodesian Broadcasting Corp. was firmly controlled by moderates. In early 1977, Smith personally sued and bankrupted Wilfrid Brooks, the hard-line editor of *Rhodesian Property & Finance*, a leading critic who advocated that Smith be replaced from the right as Smith himself had replaced Winston Field years before. As the trial opened, Brooks' only son was killed in action. Smith persuaded the loyal Rhodesian electorate to accept black rule.

It was to be expected that this settlement would be rejected by the Soviets and the Third World states. Both will be satisfied with nothing less than the total destruction of the whites in Africa. The West's reasons for rejecting it — and hence in effect supporting a Marxist takeover of Rhodesia — are more complex.

Clearly, despite all the talk, it is totally indifferent to democracy or even economic prosperity in Africa, since otherwise it could hardly tolerate the black states. But the complete abrogation of its own strategic interest is more puzzling. Pandering to domestic radicals certainly plays a part. However, the rationale that black African markets or Nigerian oil money is the key is obviously absurd. Black Africa is pitifully weak and poor, and in any case makes its own deal with the white South whenever it can. Having suppressed his opponents, Zambia's Kaunda stole their program of reopening the border with Rhodesia to rescue his disintegrating economy.

**M**ORE significant, particularly with British politicians, was an intense personal dislike of previous Rhodesian leadership. This was partly because the Rhodesians are colonials with odd accents, and partly because their successes highlight Britain's failures.

All-party opinion decreed that these were inevitable (being evicted from Aden, to be promptly replaced by Russians) and even praiseworthy (swallowing Ugandan Asians at Amin's behest), or at any rate unmentionable (losing control of law and order in Ulster although a majority were loyalists). To have the Rhodesians thriving on more serious problems might imply that British management had actually been bad, particularly with Smith not following Britain in the 1967 sterling devaluation on the grounds that Britain needed Rhodesia's financial help.

But the West's policy toward Rhodesia has been so irrational as to verge on the pathological. What can be made of countries that impose a ban on Rhodesian chrome, and then allow the Russians to buy it and resell it to them? Or that urge white Rhodesians to commit political suicide via majority rule, and then refuse to allow them to immigrate, even though their resistance might have ended all the faster if only they had somewhere to go?

The only answer is a profound failure of the values by which the West judges others and itself.

Ian Smith was a fighter pilot in World War II. He was shot down and burned. At one stage, he even fought alongside Italian partisans. Yet he was described as a "fascist" by Harold Wilson — who, although a champion athlete, spent the war behind a desk in Whitehall — and his people are refused admittance to Canada on the grounds of racism by Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, whose own concern about Naziism extended to motorcycling around Montreal wearing a Wehrmacht helmet and agitating against the draft.

**T**HE Rhodesians may have built one of the few countries that work in Africa. But creativity no longer appeals to societies so consumed with guilt that they can hardly build pipelines across the tundra for fear of disturbing four caribou, three species of Arctic lichen and half a dozen professional Eskimos.

In the Rhodesians, we saw ourselves as we were and might have been. And we hated us.

(Reprinted with permission from *The Financial Post, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, March 10, 1979.*)

Continued from page 23

it. M-S Safari Arms, P.O. Box 28355, Tempe, Arizona 85282, offers an excellently designed custom-made, wide beavertail grip safety for the big Colt auto, designed and shaped to prevent the nasty habit of the hammer's pinching the skin in the web of the hand.

Many people are lucky to not have this problem with hammer bite on the .45 auto. Unfortunately, I am one of those who has a callus built up on my right hand between the thumb and forefinger as the result of the hammer's splitting the skin when firing. It is not uncommon to see .45 shooters with bloody webs of the shooting hand. When firing lots of heavy loads or even hardball ammo over a few days of active shooting, it is normal for the skin on the web of the hand to become bruised and swollen. Once this happens, it is easy for the tissue to split open from the repeated pounding that the sharp corners of the narrow grip safety and hammer spur dish out.

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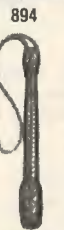






Have this job done by your local gunsmith unless you are skilled in the use of the hand milling machine (file).

I am most pleased with this custom item and plan to install them on my other .45 autos. Its price of \$15 is one of the best buys around.


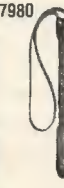

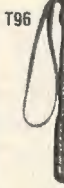
**W**HEN teaching a class of beginning shooters the basics of pistolcraft, you must remember certain points. Be they police, military, or civilian, their confidence in their weapons must be established. The instructor commonly shows up before his class wearing a fancy

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## BUCHEIMER BLACK JACKS

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AUGUST/79

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE 71



Continued from page 45

As Mau Mau were rounded up in the townships, forest gangs grew in size and effectiveness under such leaders as Dedan Kimathi, self-styled "Field Marshal," "Knight Commander of the African Empire," and "Popular Prime Minister of the Southern Hemisphere." The acquisition of firearms, ammo, and food became prime occupations of Mau Mau, and special gangs were created for the purpose. Mau Mau prostitutes demanded one .303 cartridge for their favors.

August 18, 1953, Kimathi addressed his assembled *Itungati* (terrorists) deep in the Aberdare forest, saying, "The other thing that I would stress is the making of guns. I want to see every warrior with a gun, and you must work hard to achieve this in as short a time as possible. You may collect dues from our members, as much as you can, and spare the money for buying ammunition, medicine, clothing, stationery, and *gunmaking equipment*. It has been reported to me that an excellent blacksmith has entered the forest in the Ruthaiti area and that he can make guns with no difference from the manufactured ones. We would be very glad if this proved true and would require a smith from every camp to be taught by him. I hope this would improve and quicken our supply of arms. You must also continue to make hand grenades and even bombs."

A written directive from Kimathi to his *batunis* (platoons) in the Aberdares reads as follows:

"1. Every camp must seize and bring to the forest as many livestock as possible.

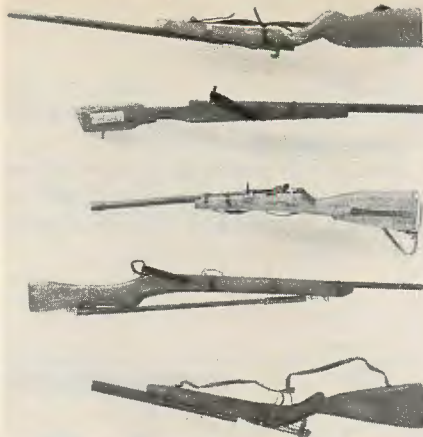
"2. Destroy all roads, railways, bridges, electric and telegraph wires in your area.

"3. Kill as many enemies as possible in your area.

"4. Raid your nearest dispensary for the medicine and medical supplies only, and bring it into the forest.

"5. Raid your nearest trading centers for clothing and all goods in the shops.

"6. Put on fire as many houses as possible.



Mau Mau gunsmiths came up with many homemade designs, some of which used inner tubes for hammer springs.

"7. Raid all water pipes on the farms and bring sizes 1/2 to 3/4-inch in diameter for the making of guns."

By the end of 1953, the forest armies had grown to 12,000 with about one out of 10 armed with stolen or captured firearms, and the rest with homemade guns and *pangas*. The *batunis* had a new oath, the "Batuni oath," featuring new and obscene provisions. A translation of the oath reads:

"1. To burn European crops and to kill European-owned cattle.

"2. To steal firearms.

"3. If ordered, to kill, no matter who is the victim, even one's father or brother.

"4. When killing, to cut off the heads, extract the eyeballs and drink the liquid from them.

"5. Particularly to kill Europeans (whites)."

Mau Mau, emboldened, contemplated the fate of loyal Chief Luka of Lari village. Lari was a model village of Kikuyu cooperation with the government. Its Kikuyu home guard unit was well-trained, in fact so well-trained that the company of King's African Rifles guarding Lari was called away to the Athi River Prison near Nairobi. On March 26, the company of King's African Rifles rolled off in their lorries to the Athi River Prison. Lari's home guard was on a patrol



Simple tools and common junk were all Mau Mau gunsmiths needed to make weapons. This one fired .303 British service cartridges.

of the surrounding forest at 10:00 p.m. Meanwhile, a force of nearly 1,000 Mau Mau took up positions around the village.

The plan was well-coordinated with each group responsible for the extermination of specific families. Each hut was bound tight with cable to prevent escape of sleeping residents, then set alight by pouring gasoline on the tinderlike thatch. Chief Luka was quickly killed with *pangas* and his brains consumed in a savage ritual. Women and children were indiscriminately butchered, but acting Chief Makemi was ready with his rifle and bodyguard of armed tribal policemen. He drove off the gang sent to execute him and they left several dead behind. Lari village was all but wiped out. This atrocity awakened many Kikuyu to the need to resist Mau Mau.

Slightly earlier, a lorry of Mau Mau coasted silently downhill to the outskirts of Naivasha, a sleepy peaceful town with a lovely Masai name taken from the nearby lake. Lake Naivasha is famous for its cover of pink flamingoes that share their habitat with hippos. Looming majestically above Naivasha is the great peak of Kinangop at 12,816 feet. Among the *Itungati* entering Naivasha that night was an ex-deaf mute named Mungai who had just begun speaking. The Mau Mau held him in awe as a wizard capable of turning the white man's bullets to water with his "magic knife." The lorry filled with *Itungati* stood unnoticed in the shadows on the edge of town. Meanwhile at the police station, only the *idle* chatter of prisoners broke the silence as the charge clerk wrote his daily report. More Mau Mau joined the group and stealthily all 80 made their way to the police station, a compound with a low mud and stone wall surrounding it, topped by a light barbed wire barricade. The commissioner of police himself had inspected the wire and approved it. But a senior subordinate criticized the method and by March 26 the work of improvement was nearly finished.

Mau Mau *batuni* leaders quickly noted the gaps in the wire, including one near the main entrance. Riflemen shot the sentries before an alarm could be raised and two broke into the compound with a silent rush followed by a heavy lorry. One group entered the charge room and killed the unarmed charge clerk with *pangas*. Another gang made for the armory, gathering up 18 Bren and Sten automatic weapons, 29 .303 Lee-Enfield rifles and 3,780 rounds of .303 Mark VII ammo. Shots brought the police running for their rifles, but they were gone.

The *Itungati* loaded two lorries with the arms and ammo and on the way out of town attacked the shop of a loyal Kikuyu who bravely drove them off with accurate rifle fire.

The Naivasha raid delivered a fatal blow to the fatuous theory that public safety is best served if firearms remain exclusively in the hands of the military and police. Despite a death penalty for illegal possession of firearms, Mau Mau gave top priority to the theft and manufacture of firearms. The penalty did deter the law-abiding. Those detailed to steal firearms were usually ex-convicts and expert burglars whose incentives were bonuses and rewards. Informers and thieves were often servants of whites who knew the location of their employers' guns and their habits. A gun left in a parked car was apt to be seen by a Mau Mau agent who would pass the word on to a Mau Mau thief. It was rarely possible to pass stolen firearms directly to Mau Mau, so intermediate hiding places were used, such as the charcoal braziers found in most native huts. In Nairobi, municipal dust bins were used until the method was discovered. The bins were emptied at specific times and soon after they had been emptied, Mau Mau placed the guns in the bins and covered them with special refuse kept for the purpose. Just before the next emptying, the guns were removed and later replaced.

Due to the irregular supply of ammo, most people stockpiled it so that in lean periods they would have an adequate supply. Servants would steal one or two rounds at a time so the theft would often go unnoticed. To curb the theft of guns and ammo, strict penalties were imposed on the owners for theft or loss. This failed to reduce losses sufficiently, so the police began reviewing gun permits, cancelling any deemed "superfluous" or "unnecessary." Meanwhile, Mau Mau learned that the only dependable source of firearms was its own forest-made *bandas*, which were anything from the crudest rubber-band actuated nail and gas pipe to semi-sophisticated products of native ingenuity.

Mau Mau's biggest ammunition haul was from the main military ammo depot at Gilgil where some 60 million rounds of .303 ammo was stored in flimsy wooden huts. Its perimeter was surrounded by a light barbed wire barricade and guarded by 18 Africans armed with pick handles and with no European supervision. During Mau Mau, some 283,024 rounds were stolen from Gilgil with half finally recovered.



British soldiers search Mau Mau suspects. Trooper at left is armed with Sten gun — other troops carry jungle carbines.

What was the effect of Kenya's dream gun control on Mau Mau? They were not in the least deterred by a shortage of guns. They made up for this lack by stealth and surprise, permitting a close approach where the *panga* was effective and silent. I know what some "liberals" are thinking, but knife control in agricultural Kenya is impossible and tribesmen were long accustomed to forging their own *simis*. In fact, total gun confiscation would have made it even easier for Mau Mau, since it would have left the European population defenseless. The near ban on handguns caused most settlers to rely on rifles and shotguns, which are slower to get into action and cannot be carried constantly at home, work, or while shopping. Police officials issued firearm permits according to their subjective judgments based on the officer's personality. Denial of a gun permit during Mau Mau was tantamount to a death sentence. Despite Mau Mau's almost total lack of firearms in the early stages, it took the British army, the Royal air force, and massive black and white militia forces 10 years to defeat Mau Mau.

The Kikuyu tribe paid a heavy price for Kenya's prohibition of gun ownership to blacks. Eventually the Kikuyu home guard was issued single-barreled shotguns and .303 Lee-Enfield rifles after taking heavy losses. The financial cost of combatting Mau Mau was 55,585,424 pounds sterling. Total loyalist casualties were 2,484 dead and 1,559 wounded, mostly blacks. Mau Mau dead totalled 10,525 plus 2,633 captured, not counting thousands arrested in sweeps.

Gun control made Mau Mau more lethal by rendering the law-abiding population almost helpless. Gun control was Mau Mau's biggest ally by insuring that their prey was usually defenseless. Were Mau Mau less lethal than if they had had easier access to guns? Mau Mau tactics did not depend on guns. Knives became offensive weapons because of the weapon deficiency of the victims. A relatively small number of guns was made more formidable than normal when arrayed against a largely gunless population. Primitive African tribesmen supplied a rebel army with guns made from ordinary household materials. Imagine the production of homemade guns by Americans with superior skills and machine tools!

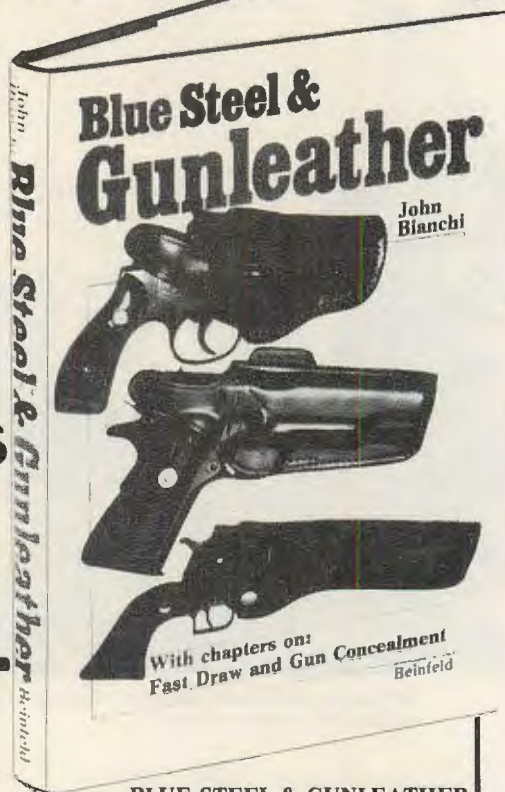
The greatest danger of gun confiscation is that it requires a huge national police bureaucracy. "Liberals" are rightly afraid of the police state. It is late for them to begin thinking about this inevitable result of national civilian disarmament in view of the police state's famous intolerance of "liberal" dissent.



Another homemade gun. Though extremely inaccurate, these weapons were deadly when employed at close range.

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Continued from page 29  
with bombs and explosives will find a cram course in both the mechanics and terminology of this deadly art. Fuqua and Wilson provide guidelines to assess the likelihood of a bomb threat. There is detailed instruction in the application of the "three Ds," denial, detection and deterrence, with an abundance of concrete procedures to stop a terrorist bombing. These chapters are a treasure trove of nuts-and-bolts information — everything from how to handle extortion money to organizing a building search and recognizing letter bombs.

Chapters on principles of security and kidnap prevention are of interest to almost anyone who wants to make himself and his family into a hardened target. Some of the data on locks and physical barriers is available from other sources, but much of the anti-kidnap information seems fresh and is equally useful to those of us who simply wish to avoid close encounters with garden variety sociopaths except on our own terms. **Terrorism: The Executive's Guide to Survival** is highly recommended for the professional and the serious student of the present terrorist threat.

**TERRORISM: From Robespierre to Arafat**, by Albert Parry. **The Vanguard Press: New York, N.Y., 1976. \$17.50. Review by Jay Mallin.**

As modern society recognizes that terrorism is a social ill that will be with us indefinitely, more and more political and sociological attention is being given to the problem, and more and more books are being published.

The reviewer began this book in annoyance and finished reading it in awe. No precise definition of terrorism exists or is possible: terrorism has too many facets, changes too frequently, has too many peripheral aspects to permit neat semantic pigeon-holing. Generally, however, terrorism today is viewed as encompassing any series of violent acts committed by a militant minority against an established order, with a political purpose in mind.

As one reads through the early chapters of **Terrorism**, one sees that Professor Parry has given the word "terrorism" the widest possible interpretation: just about any form of violence short of all-out war is "terrorism." Parry himself refers to his book as "quite inclusive." Thus the book touches on scalping by the Scythians, decapitation by the Mongols, enslavement by the Tatars, extermination by the Germans, massacre by the Indonesians — the author even speaks of the "terror" of the U.S. Civil War. Hitler and Stalin were "insane terrorists." "Che" Guevara is here too, although he was not a proponent of terrorism, and in fact once wrote, "We sincerely believe that that [terrorism] is a negative weapon, that it does not produce in any way the effects

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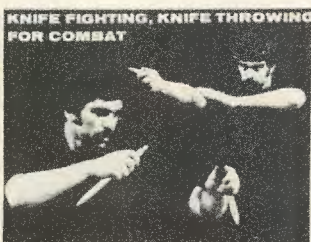
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desired, that it can turn a people against  
a determinate revolutionary movement." Even  
Regis Debray is profiled in the book — the  
dilettante "revolutionary" whose only con-  
tribution to the art was to mouth-piece  
Fidel Castro's maunderings about rural  
guerrilla warfare.

Professor Parry explains his all-  
inclusive view of terrorism: "It is the ter-  
ror used to achieve the overthrow of the  
existing government. It is also the terror  
employed when these very same terror-  
ists, having tasted victory and seized the  
state, wield their new-found power to vic-  
timize their opponents . . ." Govern-  
mental repression is indeed a means of  
inflicting terror (so is an air raid), but  
studying repression — like studying an  
air raid — does not contribute much to an  
understanding of *terrorism*, as the word  
is generally understood today.

After providing an extensive history of  
*violence*, particularly in Russia — he has  
long been a scholar of Russian affairs —  
Parry gets into modern terrorism. Here  
is the most valuable portion of the book.  
There are detailed, interestingly-written  
chapters on such topics as the Black Pan-  
thers, the Weathermen, "The Symbio-  
nese and Patty Hearst," the struggle in  
Ireland, the struggle in Argentina,  
"Canada's White Niggers," and "Viet-  
nam and Other Jungles, Other Pyres."

The book provides detailed accounts of  
terrorist organizations throughout the  
world, their histories, their activities, and  
their leaders. Shooting their way through  
the pages of *Terrorism* are Raul Sendic of  
Uruguay, Lucio Cabanas of Mexico,  
Frantz Fanon of Algeria, Bernardine  
Dohrn, Mark Rudd and Donald DeFreeze  
of the United States, Andreas Baader and  
Ulrike Meinhof of West Germany, Sean  
MacStiofain of Northern Ireland, and  
Yasir Arafat of the Middle East. The  
amount of research required to put to-  
gether this near-encyclopedic volume  
must have been awesome.

(A pity, however, that Parry ignored  
the terror campaign in Cuba by various  
clandestine organizations that eventually  
brought Fidel Castro to power. This ter-  
ror campaign in the cities of Cuba — not  
Castro's guerrilla efforts in the far-off  
Sierra Maestra — was decisive in bring-  
ing the revolution to a successful conclu-  
sion. Thus it was one of the few success-  
ful terror campaigns in history. It was a  
classic example of a terror campaign in  
which the terrorists conducted their work  
among the populace without turning the  
populace against them. And it was a cam-  
paign that incubated techniques now  
widely used by terrorists: the kidnapping  
of individuals and the hijacking of air-  
liners.)

This is a good book. For those who  
know little and want to learn about ter-  
rorism, it will provide a panoramic educa-  
tion in the problem. For those professionally

interested in terrorism, the book is a  
handy research tool — easier reference  
than a carton of clippings.



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DEALER INQUIRIES WELCOMED

Continued from page 53  
factor. An example of this theory is shown below:

Cartridge: .357 magnum

Weight: 160 grains (rounded to nearest 10 grains)

Est. Velocity: 1000 fps (4-inch barrel)

Bore Factor: 1

You then multiply the bullet weight times its velocity times its bore area (rounded off to one) in square inches.

Thus:

Weight (160 grs.) X Velocity (1000 fps) X Bore area (.102 square inches rounded to 1). Then drop the zeros:  
 $160 \times 1000 \times 1 = 16$

Twenty is passing. The necessary information for computation via this method is:

Bore Sectional Area:

.22 (.039) = 2/5

.25 (.049) = 1/2

.30 (.075) = 3/4

.38 (.102) = 1

.40 (.129) = 1 1/4

.41 (.132) = 1 1/2

.44 (.143) = 1 1/2

.45 (1.63) = 1-3/5

This method is quicker to use than the Hatcher Scale, for immediate estimation of cartridge stopping power. (See box for Hatcher Scale.)

Handgun combat is the deadliest form of modern personal aggression. It has no second-place winners and the stakes are high: your life! For this reason, you owe it to yourself to choose the right handgun and cartridge for the job. You won't get a second chance.

The "coup d'etat," as LTC Jeff Cooper refers to it, of combat cartridges is unquestionably the caliber .45 ACP, as used in either the M1911 pistol or its mutations, or the Colt M1917, S&W M1917, or S&W M25 revolvers. This particular cartridge performs roughly the same in a revolver as the .44 Special, if a little larger in bullet diameter (.451 vs. .421+). It is also a bit easier to manipulate in the reloading cycle, being shorter than the .44 Special.

The .45 ACP resulted from many years of testing and evaluation and is the only cartridge, other than the .41 Police, that was designed from scratch specifically for defensive handgun combat. Realistically, the .41 Police (210-grain SWC bullet at 900 feet per second in a four-inch barrel) is an excellent stopper, but has the misfortune of being confused with the over-powerful .41 magnum, which has caused it to be shoved aside by law-enforcement agencies, generally speaking. I personally feel that S&W committed a grave error by marking their excellent M57 and M58 revolvers as ".41 magnum," thereby compounding the confusion; likewise, the ammunition companies never should have produced and marketed a magnum version of the cartridge, which possesses all of the drawbacks of the .44 magnum, but outperforms it in no respect.

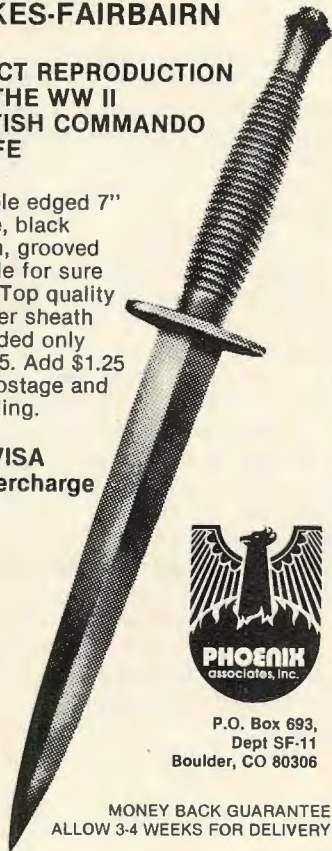


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Continued from page 8

## DIFFERENCE OF OPINION . . .

Sirs:

Ken Hackathorn's article, "Practical SMG Shooting" (SOF, Feb. '79), stated, "The MAC 10 with suppressor is great fun to shoot . . . but is worthless as a serious fighting arm. It handles badly, is clumsy to shoulder quickly, the stock is a joke, and the cyclic rate is so high that I would choose it only if I expected a gunfight in a phone booth." I understand that personal opinion prevails on all subjects and that agreements are impossible on everything, but the only point of agreement between Ken Hackathorn and Chuck Taylor on the MAC 10 is its high cyclic rate.

How can two supposedly knowledgeable individuals disagree so wholeheartedly on a subject and expect the average reader to come to a logical conclusion in his own mind on the value or correctness of what he is reading?

Sincerely,  
Gray Robertson  
Knoxville, Tennessee

Chuck Taylor replies:

*I am, of course, aware of the glaring differences in Ken Hackathorn's and my opinions on the Ingram M10. I have made mine a matter of published record in several issues of SOF, both in feature articles and my column.*

*I have a feeling that perhaps Hackathorn's opinions were based on his SMG "match," which, I feel, was an academic exercise based on incorrect concepts and goals. Naturally, the results produced were unrepresentative. First, the M10, as I've said, is a highly specialized offensive weapon and an excellent defensive weapon. Hackathorn was obviously trying to measure it as a general-purpose offensive weapon. This is similar to measuring a horse against a tank — past certain basic similarities, there is no comparison.*

*Hackathorn is one of the finest pistoleros in the world, and perhaps his great expertise in this field influenced his criteria and goals when he was planning the course of fire for his "match." This is the feeling I had when I read the article.*

*Further comments on the subject can be found in my article, "Pistols vs. SMGs"*



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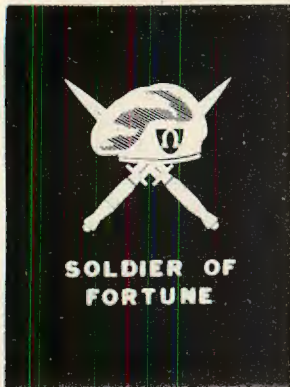
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## CRIMINAL CODE OF CALIFORNIA ...

Dear Sir:

Reference Chuck Taylor's article: *Death in the Night*, June 1979 edition of *SOF*, pages 48-53.

Please advise and warn your California readers as to the criminal law regarding possession of Active or Passive Night Vision Weapons Sights. Page 109, Sec. 468, of the Penal Code (Criminal) of the State of California provides a heavy fine of up to \$1,000 or one year imprisonment in jail, or both, for any person who knowingly buys, sells, receives, disposes of, conceals, or has in his possession a sniper scope (or similar contrivance) that enables the operator thereof to visually determine and locate the presence of objects during the nighttime.

The only real valid exceptions are police officers and lawful armed forces of the United States.

Also this Penal Code of California prohibits paramilitary training in that state (i.e., practice by two or more persons using rifles, pistols or simulated combat training aids, ranges, etc.)

Tucked away at the back of this California Penal Code list is the "Dangerous Weapons Control Law" that calls for

*felony* convictions for possession of flechette darts, the nunchaku sticks, billy

clubs, blackjacks, brassknuckles, Velet type exploding bullets or cartridges, teargas weapons, carrying of knives, rifles or pistols in the trunk of a vehicle or own person, concealed, loaded or unloaded. This includes muzzle-loaders and flintlocks rifles too.

Also, the local police said that wearing of bullproof vests can be considered (when worn by non-police officers) to be criminal intent.

Remember, anyone convicted (or caught) possessing these items can look forward to minimum jail (felony) time; and ex-felons are not allowed to possess any firearms in the United States. If you get caught in possession of a firearm the second time, all ex-felons are then considered habitual criminals and are subjected to additional fines and imprisonment, as well as organic therapy, i.e., hospital shock-treatments, brain lobotomy surgery, etc. Talk about 1984 — California has Big Brother beat by a mile.

The state of California has you coming and going!

Yours truly,  
 "John Doe"

# Central Intelligence Agency warns: TERRORISTS MAY STRIKE U.S. Are you prepared?

"The CIA expects an epidemic of European-style political violence to break out soon in the United States," the Congressional Record recently reported.

"A confidential Central Intelligence Agency memorandum predicts that the United States will experience terrorist attacks beginning within the next 18 months," the article stated.

Because acts of terror and violence around the world had increased dramatically, terrorism constitutes a potential danger to virtually every person and organization in the world today.

Experts say the most effective way to combat the terrorist threat is to be informed about terrorist groups, their activities, methods and whereabouts.

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- Articles by experts in the field of counter-terrorism
- News about the latest security products and terrorist countermeasures
- Comments about new books and films dealing with terrorist subject matter.

Founded during the summer of 1978, the International Terrorist Research Center is a privately funded, independent research organization whose purpose is to conduct research on the sociological, economic, political and psychological aspects of terrorist violence.

It is felt the center's information services would be beneficial to anyone in business, industry or government responsible for and concerned about people and property.

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# MERCENARY

## COL. MIKE HOARE'S MERCS DESTROY COMMUNIST INSURGENCY

by Capt. John Early

**MERCENARY.** By Lt. Col. Mike Hoare. 350 pages, illustrated. Bantam Books, Inc., 666 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10019. \$2.25. Review by John Early. Although professing to be strictly a mercenary leader, in *Mercenary* Mike Hoare shows the depth of a political soldier polarized by formal government's political cowardice. He is unable to understand the unwillingness and ineptitude of western powers when it comes to understanding and dealing with African nations. He does not understand why western governments cannot or will not perceive the communist threat on the Dark Continent. This, as much as his desire to lead troops in combat, draws him to the Congo and the formation of 5 Commando.

His book, while no literary bombshell, is certainly no dud. Hoare writes better than most soldiers. His text is clear, well documented, usually concise, easy to read, and extremely informative. Through it, one can see that he envisions himself and 5 Commando as Dutch boys with their collective fingers in the Congo dike — he pulls this off without sounding like a doom merchant, probably due to his education and Afrikaaner heritage. South Africans often think of themselves as the last bastion of goodness and light on a continent being slowly swallowed by a black shadow. No one can take himself more seriously than an Afrikaaner.

Hoare balances his message with a fine sense of humor and a liberal sprinkling of anecdotes and perceptive insights as to what is happening in the Congo and why. His analysis of political events and their effect on tactical operations is succinct and sparing. One realizes he knew that wars are political as well as tactical efforts and planned his operations to fit politics.

As one reads *Mercenary*, he develops a feel for the man as well as the mercenary. Hoare emerges as a man of no small ability on the battlefield. He is honest and courageous and expects these qualities from those around him. He is a political

idealist and, at the same time, a realist. Idealism flavors his politics, while realism governs his actions with his men and the Congolese.

He is a gentleman of great sensitivity and compassion with a generous sense of humor. Soldiering is a profession that requires humor to survive. Once, after giving orders against looting, he says:

"There were a number of miners in my unit who held blasting certificates, issued by the Chamber of Mines in Johannesburg. I now gave them a task worthy of their combined talents — to blow up the Lumumba monument. The life-size photograph of Lumumba, framed behind heavy plate glass in a cabinet not unlike a telephone booth, flew into the air in a million pieces, destroying the blood-caked marble tiles which surrounded it. It was the most popular blast of the week.

"Through the night I frequently heard lesser bangs of a similar nature, but was forced to assume that my men were blowing up safes to see if any rebels were hiding inside them."

Throughout his book, Hoare continues to be surprised at the weak, inept behavior of foreign powers supporting Tshombe. Surprisingly, the United States receives his admiration above the British or Belgians. However, it was the character of American military officials and their equipment he admired, not their foreign policy.

In his book, Hoare emerges as a man who has come to grips with himself, likes what he is and what he does, and does not feel obligated to explain or make excuses to the rest of the world.

He gives the reader excellent insights into merc leadership, explaining what it means to lead mercs and how to do it.

He should know. He learned the hard way by putting down a mutiny during the first days of his command. He relates his particular affection for his subordinates and his men, an affection that was reciprocated and formed the cement bonding 5 Commando. This bond between men

who have lived under fire together forms the backbone of a good fighting unit. Hoare believes a good merc unit fights as much for one another as for their separate bank accounts.

Hoare tries, not too successfully, to explain his men's various motivations. However, his British army training prevents him from getting too close to his men; he spends most of his time attributing his own values to them, an unimportant failure so long as they follow him. That is the main driving force behind him: to command men in combat.

*Mercenary* also discusses some 5 Commando Congolese tactics. Those of us who fought in Vietnam and Rhodesia will notice there is nothing new under the sun. Wars and men are the same, although the weapons change.

Even as Hoare is a unique personality, so the Congo merc operation was unique among mercenary campaigns. It was the first modern merc operation to "go public." That was perhaps unintentional in the beginning, but the media picked up on Hoare's recruiters in Salisbury, Johannesburg, and London and kept them in the limelight.

Hoare assisted this situation, allowing journalists to travel with his operations and report his activities. 5 Commando's publicity was responsible for the poor quality recruits the unit began receiving after their first year of combat.

Although the United States and Belgium stipulated that none of their nationals be allowed to sign on in Africa, they made no moves to stop recruiting in their countries. In fact, one of Hoare's Commando leaders was a Yank, a number of volunteers were Americans, and Belgian soldiers enlisted in the later-formed, French-speaking 6 Commando. It was only years later, as Angola began to fall under the control of the red flag, that the U.S. made stringent efforts to keep her citizens from hiring on to fight.



In the Congo, although America claimed neutrality, in reality it funneled massive amounts of money and materials in to keep Tshombe in the western camp. American money was funneled through Belgium, which supplied the military and technical advisors needed by the A.N.C. Equipment came the same way, and in later stages American military personnel were in evidence in the area, keeping aircraft running and helping to prop up Belgian staff personnel. 5 Commando was totally equipped with U.S. gear and weapons during the conflict's later portions to keep them as the shock troops of the A.N.C. battalions. The Commando would make the initial assault and Belgian-officered black battalions would conduct mopping-up operations.

Hoare's operation is also unique in that

it is probably the only merc campaign to use psychological warfare extensively with its tactical maneuvers. This is all the more remarkable when you consider it was done among an African population by white South Africans. The mercenaries of 5 Commando were so successful that villagers handed over rebel weapons in the areas protected by the mercs and in some areas brought in the rebels themselves for punishment.

Probably the most important aspect of the Congo campaign is the fact that a mercenary force, never numbering more than 500 men, successfully fought to a standstill a rebel movement that at one time controlled two-thirds of the countryside and population. This indicates the kind of man Mike Hoare is and the quality of his men.

All in all, Hoare spins a good tale with a minimum of bullshit. He is factual and accurate and does not get bogged down with detail that would interest only professionals. *Mercenary* was originally entitled *Congo Mercenary* and published by Robert Hale & Company, Great Britain, several years ago. In the Bantam edition, Hoare has added a 15-page epilogue that brings the book into perspective for this decade's mercenary operations.

The book strikes a good, happy medium for casual observer and the practicing merc who wants to read about the "good old days." A good balance, a good book and a good value for \$2.25.

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Continued from page 79

## BLAHS PREVAIL ...

Sirs:

I must congratulate you on the comments of N.E. MacDougald ("St. Louis Blahs," SOF, May '79). Once, during the early '50s, I had the misfortune to have had to live in St. Louis. At the time, a friend of mine made the comment, "The things that are obsolete in other cities are St. Louis' dream for the future."

Murphy's law will always prevail in St. Louis.

Yours sincerely,

E.L.H.

Guatemala

## GUN CONTROL NOTES ...

Sirs:

I am writing to comment on an item of importance I saw in *The Shotgun News*, March 1, p. 162: two new bills from Idaho Senator James McClure allegedly call for a mandatory five to 10-year jail sentence for persons convicted of using a handgun in a crime of violence and to repeal the 1968 Gun Control Act. As to the latter, what a blessing it would be to be done with that disgusting invasion of privacy and all its more sinister implications. Even tear-gas pens and other non-lethal devices such as the Taser are now under control of the '68 GCA! If gun owners would support such a proposal — to repeal the '68 Gun Control Act — as strongly as they opposed the Carter-proposed computerized gun registration, we might well be free of it. I feel such a suggestion to readers of SOF could have widespread results.

Sincerely,

Curtis A. Wilson

Texas Creek, Colorado

*We second that!—The Eds.*

## LEGION CONTACTS SOUGHT ...

Sirs:

I am writing to get into contact with ex-Foreign Legion parachutists. I have just recently left the 2eme REP after five years and I find that I keep bumping into ex-REP and BEP boys all over the country. What I am thinking of doing is forming an exclusive club for us all to keep in contact with each other, exchange ideas and keep us all informed of any pending ops which may occur.

Cliff Newman

Flat 2, 40 Frogal

N.W. 3

London,

England

Continued on page 85

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Continued from page 71

sidearm far superior to those of his students. If he has his slick M-66 Combat Mag. complete with exotic sights and custom touches or a full-house Python, then students often feel that their issue Model 10s are not capable of turning out the performances that the instructor can put forth with his fancy gun.

Likewise, the student with a stock Mk IV Government Model Colt .45 believes that he could do well with a full-house Swenson like the teacher's.

The instructor is far better off to use a rather spartan-looking gun when first working with a new group of shooters, since when students see an instructor performing impossible shooting feats, they are likely to feel that with a fancy gun, they could shoot well also. We know that the quality of shooting performance comes from the man holding the piece. However, the new shooter is not fully aware of this basic fact and quickly looks for gadgets or fancy touches to aid his marksmanship goal.

Thus, the instructor or training officer would best use a stock grade or issue pistol to demonstrate that his skill comes from proper training. Once students have learned the basic skills of pistolcraft and understand what works, then and only then can custom touches to the pistol or revolver be discussed. Good revolver combat shooting requires proper grips and a smooth action to permit good shooting control. Duty style auto pistols usually need a little trigger work plus high-visibility sights. Students understand these things easily soon after they take up serious shooting. Interestingly, Jeff Cooper uses a pistol of rather spartan characteristics compared to many other big names in IPSC shooting. Cooper is a top-notch practical pistol instructor, who learned many years ago that staying close to basics is the best path to follow.



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Continued from page 82

## READERS WRITE SEAL CORRECTIONS ...

Sirs:

Your article on the U.S.N. SEALs was interesting and informative but stated that the velocity of detonation of detonating cord was 4,000 feet per second; actually, the velocity of detonation is 21,000 feet per second...

Sincerely,  
Stuart Kroen  
Brooklyn, New York

Sirs:

I am a security policeman with the U.S. Air Force and an avid reader of SOF .... I really enjoyed your article on SEALs (March '79). However, I couldn't help but notice a mistake in the caption of the picture at the top of page 39, which says, "Note M-203 (carried by man on right.)" If you examine the weapon, I'm sure you will realize that he is carrying an M-148 grenade launcher and not an M-203 grenade launcher...

Respectfully yours,  
A1C Dennis L. Eberly  
Minot AFB, North Dakota

## FUEL TANKS AREN'T BOMBS ...

Sirs:

... In your March 1979 magazine, on the page showing the French Corsair ("SOF Jumps with a Ghost Squadron," p. 46), the caption calls the objects under the plane bombs. They are not. They are extra fuel tanks...

Sincerely yours,  
Weston K. Horn  
Bay Port, Michigan



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CHECK OR MONEY ORDER

Continued from page 65

After months of being responsible for a great deal, often working alone, with little time off, I was getting tired. Week after week of stumbling and sliding up and down trails in the night and rain were beginning to tell. I felt like the guy in the Bandini commercial who tries to ski down a mountain of shit. I spent Christmas Eve sitting in the rain in an ambush, while the Rhodesians frantically celebrated the last "white" Christmas.

We were out New Year's too. The communists, as I knew from Vietnam, liked to get nasty on holidays. Remember the 1968 Tet offensive? We picked up four more curfew-breakers that night. Unfortunately, I was denied the pleasure of sending some of Andrew Young's baby butchers to their reward. I had fantasies of throwing the bodies on the White House lawn.

It was time to go home, wherever that was, and put some money in the bank. There is no fortune in soldiering. Armaguard paid me \$375 a month.

Why did I go to Rhodesia?

First of all, war is what I know best. I also had to get away for awhile from our society's shallowness and lack of commitment. Get away from the games people play - the sex games, the power games, the ego games. I was tired of being a game for someone's amusement or profit. I wanted to go where there weren't any games. War has always been an escape for me.

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Another reason is philosophical. Because of our mortality, wrote Camus, our existence is absurd, meaningless. War is existence speeded up, concentrated, the fullest existential condition, and therefore the ultimate reality. If it is all nothing and man is nothing too, then seeking out the nothingness of war becomes an appropriate action. And action is the only thing that counts. There is too much talk.

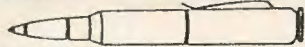
I have always noticed a refreshing absence of phonies in combat zones — no \$1,000,000 ball players, no pretty boys, no tough-guy actors, no tin-horn studs who need a fancy car or a "macho" van to feel like men. Yes, it was good to get away for awhile. And I'm not done yet.

The man who took my place was an American too. He had been in the Marines and the 82nd Airborne and was impressed by my guards' appearance and drill. I realized they finally looked like soldiers.

When I went through the Armaguard office in Salisbury, they wanted to know where they could get more Americans. They employed about four American security officers and we had a good reputation. Naturally.



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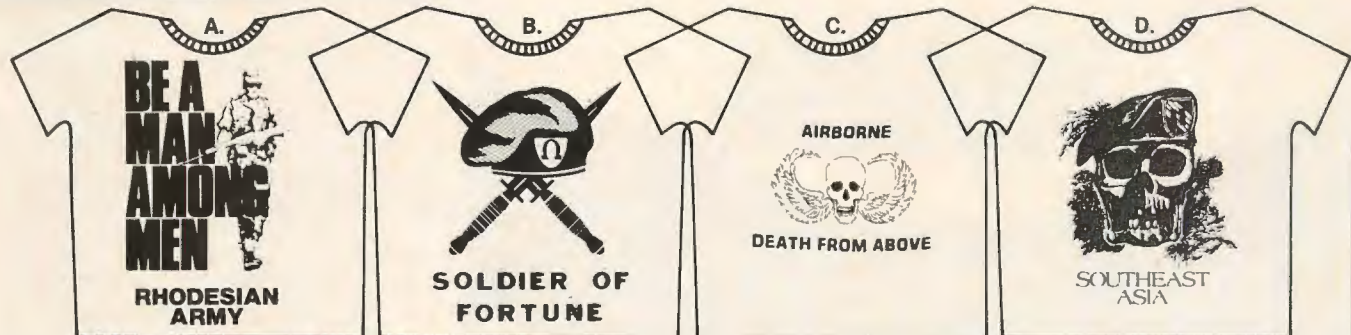
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# HEROES

## THE TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE MEDAL OF HONOR WINNERS SOUTHEAST ASIA 1964-1975

Reviewed by N.E. MacDougald

**HEROES: The True Account of the Medal of Honor Winners Southeast Asia 1964-1975.** Reviewed by N.E. MacDougald.

Rarely has a recent book made me tearful, and when it has, it was usually because of the purchase price. **Heroes**, however, makes one tearful and makes one

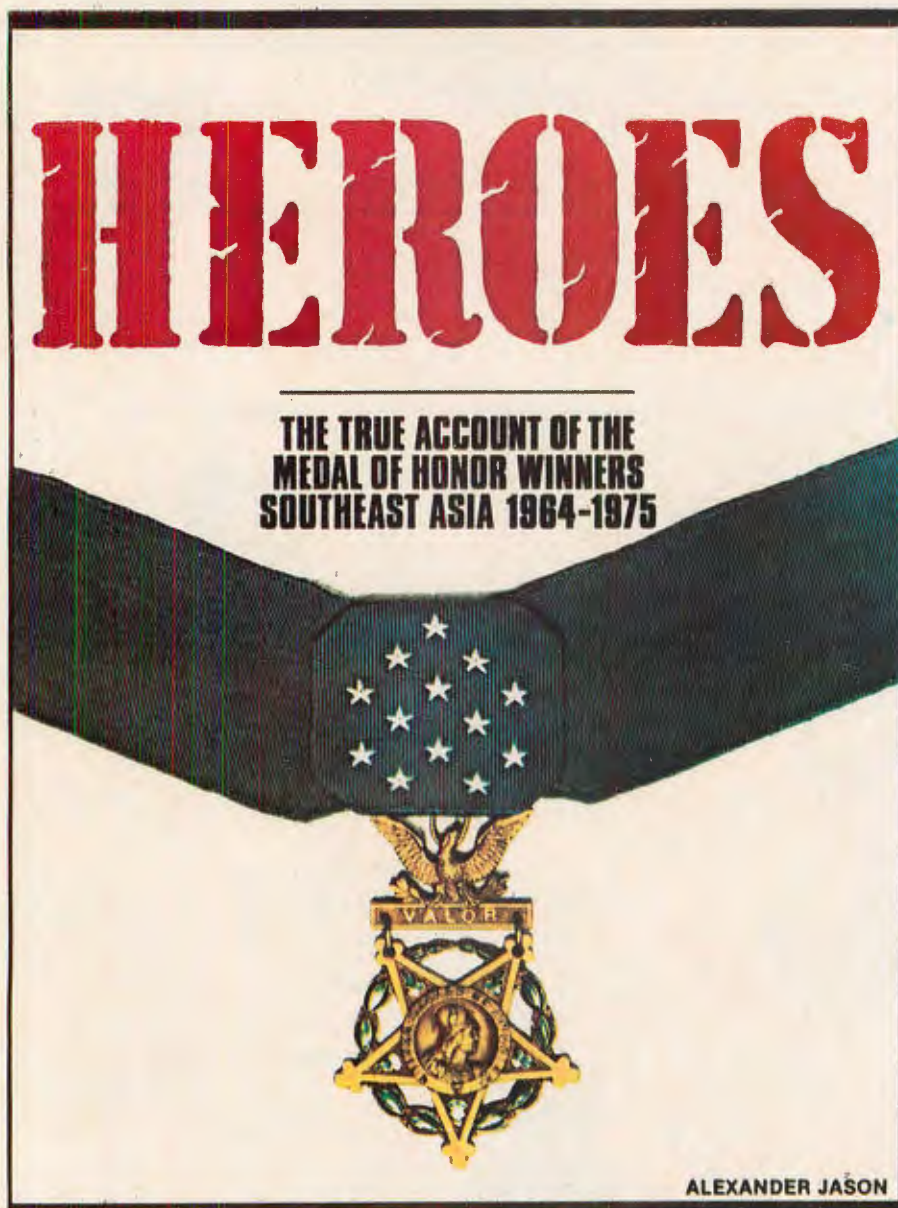
proud to be human; for humanness is the book's theme. Outside of an introduction by editor Jason, **Heroes** is a compendium of Medal of Honor citations by the recipient's branch of service. No attempt is made to dramatize or to heighten the recipient's exploits, nor is any needed. What these men have done speaks eloquently enough.

While reading **Heroes**, I was reminded of an incident regarding Jesus. Jesus is said to have listened quietly to a man bemoaning his lack of shoes. When the man finished, Jesus gestured to a nearby beggar who had no feet. The complaining man left with head lowered. Thus does **Heroes** humble the reader. When inflation, taxes or a bulging waistline predominates your thoughts, pick up **Heroes**, open it at random and read just one page. Your so-called problems will be put in perspective and you'll find your backbone straighter.

America's recent reappraisal of our involvement in Vietnam makes **Heroes** even more pertinent. Perhaps **Heroes** will balance the ledger for Lt. William Caley's alleged atrocities. Or perhaps it will silence those who claim that American soldiers fought a technological battle in S.E. Asia and fought it poorly. In short, it gives credit where credit is due. If nothing else, **Heroes** salutes the human spirit; certainly an admirable theme for any book. As editor Jason points out, "Two million soldiers went to Vietnam. Only 236 won the Medal of Honor — and 60% of those had to die to get it. This is the only true account of what these brave men did." We at SOF hope **Heroes** is but the first of many such books.

But perhaps the best way to explain **Heroes** is to let one of these brave soul's deeds tell the story (See next page).

**HEROES**, available from Anite Press, Dept. SOF, P.O. Box 375, Pinole, CA 94564, costs \$10 plus \$1.50 for shipping.



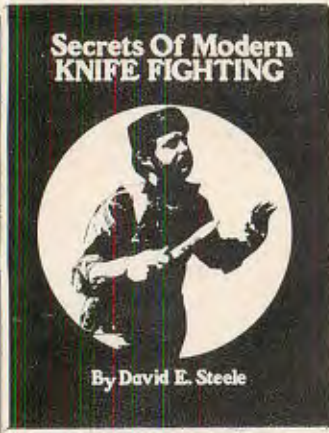


## CHARLES B. MORRIS

U.S. ARMY

Staff Sergeant Charles B. Morris, Company A, 2nd Battalion (Airborne), 503rd Infantry, 173rd Airborne Brigade (Separate). For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty. Seeing indications of the enemy's presence in the area, Sergeant Morris deployed his squad and continued forward alone to make a reconnaissance. He unknowingly crawled within 20 meters of an enemy machinegun, whereupon the gunner fired, wounding him in the chest. Sergeant Morris instantly returned the fire and killed the gunner. Continuing to crawl within a few feet of the gun, he hurled a grenade and killed the remainder of the enemy crew. Although in pain and bleeding profusely, Sergeant Morris continued his reconnaissance. Returning to the platoon area, he reported the results of his reconnaissance to the platoon leader. As he spoke the platoon came under heavy fire. Refusing medical attention for himself, he deployed his men in better firing positions confronting the entrenched enemy to his front. Then for 8 hours the platoon engaged the numerically superior enemy force. Withdrawal was impossible without abandoning many wounded and dead. Finding the platoon medic dead, Sergeant Morris administered first aid to himself and was returning to treat the wounded members of his squad with the medic's first aid kit when he was again wounded. Knocked down and stunned, he regained consciousness and continued to treat the wounded, reposition his men, and inspire and encourage their efforts. Wounded again when an enemy grenade shattered his left hand, nonetheless he personally took up the fight and armed and threw several grenades which killed a number of enemy soldiers. Seeing that an enemy machinegun had maneuvered behind his platoon and was delivering the fire upon his men, Sergeant Morris and another man crawled toward the gun to knock it out. His comrade was killed and Sergeant Morris sustained another wound, but, firing his rifle with one hand, he silenced the enemy machinegun. Returning to the platoon, he courageously exposed himself to the devastating enemy fire to drag the wounded to a protected area, and, with utter disregard for his personal safety and the pain he suffered, he continued to lead and direct the efforts of his men until relief arrived. Upon termination of the battle, important documents were found among the enemy dead revealing a planned ambush of a Republic of Vietnam battalion. Use of this information prevented the ambush and saved many lives. Sergeant Morris' conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty were instrumental in the successful defeat of the enemy, saved many lives, and were in the highest traditions of the United States Army.





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Continued from page 35

Matches, such as those at Fort Ord, improve morale and promote both professionalism and marksmanship. As the match bulletin declared: "One hit is better than 750 misses per minute."<sup>1</sup>

On 4 April at the ranges, as we watched the small crowd of interested friends and relatives gathered to view the progress of their various favorites, we thought about how the people speeding by on the highway were missing the rich experience of competition between men and guns. They were missing the sight of the men from Alaska and their pet M-60, and the educational marvel that comes from learning that the men of Hawaii do with the M-60 at 600 meters what some people need a 'scoped .308 and plenty of practice to do.

We asked one of them, as he lay behind his gun, what it took to be a champion machine gunner. The fog had rolled off the range, the sun was high and the day was now hot. Before he answered us, he pulled for his canteen, but instead of drinking he poured its contents in front of the muzzle to keep down the dust.

Then he grinned at us and answered, "Clarity."

The answer impressed us more than his score — also impressive. It told us he had applied the fundamentals: he had learned his lessons well, he had practiced and he had worked. His score was a way to prove it. A way to vindicate his training. A way to vindicate the system.



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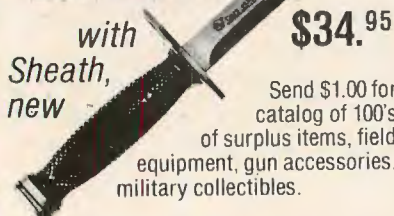
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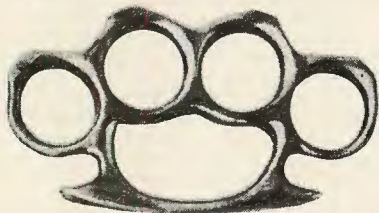


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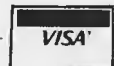
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